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Volume CLXXII No. 2248 The SPHERE, London, February 20, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

WHERE MR. CHURCHILL LIVED DURING HIS VISIT TO TRIPOLI—IN A CAMOUFLAGED LORRY EQUIPPED AS LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE STAFF.
The Prime Minister is here seen with General Montgomery leaving his temporary home

Mr. Churchill arrived at Tripoli, after his visit to Turkey and Cyprus, to inspect the Eighth Army. His aircraft was escorted by a famous fighter squadron, and the Premier alighted at the newly-captured Castel Benito aerodrome, just outside the city. During his stay in what used to be the capital of the Italian African Empire, Mr. Churchill lived in the quarters seen above: this is a row of specially-equipped lorries, camouflaged against observation from above, and used by General Montgomery and his staff. It would be difficult for an enemy aircraft to locate such a spot! (*Further pictures of the Tripoli occupation on pages 228-9 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 181

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Impatience . . . and the Faith Cure.—Mr. Churchill is more than our milometer (or mile-recorder). He is our barometer of optimism. I suppose it is very natural that we should once again be *impatient* for action. In the hour of Russia's greatest peril, we were bitterly impatient for that "second front" which was to relieve her strain. Mr. Churchill was attacked and criticised for complacency. He kept silent, and in due course Alamein produced a transformation. Now, in the height of Russia's great counter-offensive, the cry for action on our part leaps again to the tongue, and with additional point. The Nazis seem to be crumbling on the Eastern front. Shall we, on our side, be too late to turn a one-front crumble into a total collapse? Will the Allies be caught piecemeal in victory as they were caught piecemeal in defeat? Well, it is natural enough. Every day by which the war can be shortened has the value of a year for humanity and civilisation. We can't help our impatience; we *can* restrain our words, and even bolster up restraint by faith. Mr. Churchill is our barometer. He came back from Africa knowing more than you and I know of things present and things to come. He registered "set fair," and when tapped, his needle was found to be soaring still. I can't believe he has forgotten Russia, or lost sight of the value to humanity of as quick an end as possible to this present "spot of trouble"—the second World War. Let us avoid charging our "delays" in Africa to political muddles in Algeria, to bungling or lack of prevision. When Alamein burst at last, it showed no lack of competence or planning, and did not strike too late.

Lions and Jackals.—I can conceive that a day may come when men of taste in Britain will find victory almost harder to bear than fighting for very existence and suffering defeat after defeat. If that day come, it will be thanks to the loud voices of small-minded men which daily drown our sense of proportion and tarnish the dignity of a great nation. That is a hard saying. When the Nazis were preponderatingly strong, they mercilessly shattered their enemies in turn with every weapon of death and destruction, one by one. Warsaw, Rotterdam, London, Coventry, and the rest, still tell the tale of their ruthless brutality. Now the boot is on the other leg, and Germany is getting a taste of its own medicine. That is *Justice*, and, more than justice, it is utterly essential strategy; it is bald common sense. We must double and treble the punishment by every weapon of death and destruction in our power. We must *never* relent, *never* relax, until Nazism gives in or is handed over to justice condign. But blows and words are very different weapons. We must regard ourselves to-day as God's instrument of justice and *fit ourselves to be worthy* of that great task. Our blows are real enough and delivered with all the dignity and courage and resolution which the great cause of justice demands. The lions are grand, but the chorus of jackals, yapping and whooping, is a feature of which we have no call to be proud. Hour after hour, and all day long, there pours out from radio and Press the littleness of little minds, the muddled thinking of muddy minds. Is this the voice of Britain after her great salvation? Not if there be any weight in the evidence obtained from converse with the man-in-the-street. That evidence convinces me that already we are sick of, and revolted by, the jackal chorus. Their job is not an essential war work. Indeed, unless they reconsider their functions, they may well do a grave disservice to our war effort. Are we for ever to be dominated by the voices of the little-minded? Is that the meaning of the often-expressed truth that Britain is nobler in defeat than in success? When things are at their worst, the jackals run mute and the lions hold the field. Now they have "crept out to feel the sun."

A Cool Reflection.—Sometimes in the delirium of war a cool reflection comes through with a scintilla of truth penetrating the atmosphere of illusion. With every means of precision, and even of humanity, which experience, planning and training can supply, we are now bombing and shooting up Axis war industries, war efforts and war material by day and night in an ever-increasing scale. The Nazi air force, owing to various preoccupations elsewhere, is not in a position to reply in kind. A token, nuisance reply is all they can achieve. We say this is very contemptible and so far from assisting the Nazi war effort, it may be said to redound economically to our advantage—on a cold, callous and inhuman basis of calculation. Here is a cool reflection with the essence of truth in it—in war a very rare phenomenon. Will posterity side with us in our view of the cowardly and contemptible nature of this Nazi reprisal? We must not expect it. We should realise now that, if the *object*—the prime object—of this war is to be accomplished, posterity must, and will, regard all attacks from the air with lethal weapons on civilian-occupied territory as a form of barbarism. Posterity (if this war is not to be fought in vain again) will put air attacks on a level with the use of poison gas, and condemn all who employed that weapon. Meanwhile . . . we bomb the Ruhr and Lorient, and if we cease to do it we shall perish; and in return Nazi cloud-hoppers shoot up our children at play. And we are in the right and they are in the wrong. For it is very seldom that we baldly confess to indiscriminate bombing. (We did so, exceptionally, on the day of those daylight raids on Berlin before the speeches of Göring and Goebbels, when our airmen reported, "We reached the centre of the city and dropped our bombs.") And so, on with the necessary, the vital, work of destruction and punishment and vengeance! Let us *clear our minds of cant* and so clear our decks for action. It's not a pretty war. We are fighting it for posterity, who will condemn us as barbarians. Let us see to it that they do not superimpose the charge of hypocrisy.

A FRAGMENT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO BE PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Particular importance is attached to a forthcoming visit to the United States by Colonel Arthur Evans, M.P., Chairman of the British Group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union: he will also be an informal representative of the British-American Parliamentary Committee. Colonel Evans is taking with him, for presentation to the President, a souvenir of the bomb-damaged House of Commons. It is a piece of the original stone-work, suitably inscribed, and it bears on it a portcullis worked in lead taken from the roof of the House: it also carries a reproduction of the famous picture in the Commons of the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Here workmen are seen finishing off the souvenir stones in a London workshop: the second stone is to be presented to the American Group of the Inter-Parliamentary Union

Education's Pearl Harbour.—I have deferred judgment on the decision of a famous County Council to have no truck with the public schools. I was public-school educated but have never worn the old school tie. There are features which I admire in public-school education, and features of which I disapprove. I hear the death-knell of the public-school system in the pronouncements of those public-school authorities who still refuse to follow the liberal and elastic policy and pronouncements of their wiser and more far-sighted brethren. For public-school die-hards and last-ditchers there is positively no place to-day. The axe must be laid shrewdly at the roots of ivy tradition, if the public schools are to survive the coming gales, and one last-ditcher may well upset the whole apple-cart, unless it happen that one insane iconoclast, by a mean and senseless gesture, sets it on its wheels again. And I am inclined to think that no decision and no pronouncement, by its meanness, vulgarity, cheapness, littleness, discourtesy and myopia, has struck so shrewd a blow for the survival and revival of popularity of the public schools, as that egregious decision. I label it *the Pearl Harbour of post-war education*. The motion, in a nutshell, implies the gross injustice of denying to public schools their right to any chance to readjust themselves to modern conditions (a still unexplored realm), and implies also the extermination of all preparatory schools. And what does that imply? The banning of all acquaintance with Latin and Greek henceforth. And this from the enlightened administration of the capital of Civilisation, which held the fort and kept it inviolate against the supreme efforts of barbarism. So much for the ideals of general education in the Millennium—a levelling down, not a levelling up. Like many biassed judgments, it produces the very contrary effect to that intended. But there is more in that decision still. What a shock it must have given to those optimists who believe in a post-war millennium; who still hope that restraint, breadth of mind, good fellowship, and toleration cleansed of party devices and mean jealousies, will continue and co-operate to solve our post-war problems and our present discontents. What a hope! Not a hope!

Flood-level—It is good news to hear that a token start is to be made with the building of cottages for farm workers. It is not too soon. The best of what were old in this line have long since been turned into stock-brokers' bolt-holes for week-ends, the haunt of gnomes and other necessary adornments of suburban gardens. The worst of the old would have been condemned as long ago as the Victorian age on the standards of, say, Scandinavian civilisation. It is good, too, to learn that *women* are to be consulted on the plans (a bright idea, indeed), and that in material and in taste these token cottages are to excel the average Council house. I wonder if another bright idea will occur to the planners and builders—to site these new houses above flood-level. We had 7·12 in. of rain in January in these parts—that is abnormal, but not by any means unique. By February 1 scores and scores of cottages, old and *new*, remote and in villages and towns, were awash. Gardens by the hundred were flooded out. Odd, isn't it, how long it takes a bright idea to penetrate the average British skull? The Romans who staged their legions north from Chichester across the Pulborough flood regions knew all about flood-levels. But we who remained in England and had to make the best of it there know better, or prefer to know nothing about such "visitations of Nature." We build presumably from other motives, among them the slick, business motive. Land below flood-level is usually cheap, and what is not good enough for wheat is good enough for those who sow and reap it.

THE OLD STAGER

AFTER THE BOMBING OF THE EL AOUINA AERODROME AT TUNIS by aircraft of the U.S. Army's 12th Air Force: This picture shows a great number of totally destroyed and badly damaged Axis aircraft on the airfield after the attack

The SMASHING of the "LUFTWAFFE"

An Impressive Picture Just Received from the Tunisian Battlefront

During the advance of the Eighth Army through Libya and Tripolitania, the havoc wrought by the R.A.F. on Axis grounded aircraft was tremendous. Not only were aircraft shot out of the sky, in aerial combat, in great numbers; but heavy bombers wrought devastation at every airfield used by the Germans and Italians. The same process is now being repeated throughout Tunisia, with the Americans aiding in the work of destruction. This picture, for instance, comes from El Aouina, the important aerodrome at Tunis. B17 bombers of the U.S. Army's 12th Air Force here dropped "fragmentation" bombs and covered the aerodrome and field completely. The greatest concentration of bombs was to the south-west corner. There were a number of enemy transports and fighters taking off whilst the attack was in progress. The fires started were visible for 80 miles on the way home. This picture was taken by a reconnaissance aircraft after the U.S. bombers had left and the fires from the burning planes had died down. Within the airfield area (not all of which is shown in this picture) eighteen planes were totally destroyed on the ground, twenty-one were damaged beyond repair and ten more were partially damaged.

THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITY OF TRIPOLI

With Some Further Pictures of Mr. Winston Churchill's Visit to What Was Formerly Mussolini's African Capital

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL CORDIALLY GREETS LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BERNARD FREYBERG, V.C., Commander-in-Chief of the New Zealanders, during his visit to the New Zealand Division in Tripoli

Mr. Churchill flew from Cairo to Tripoli on February 3 on his return from Turkey and Cyprus. In Tripoli he personally thanked the Eighth Army and all who had taken part in the desert campaign. He entered the town, capital of the Italian "African Empire" (every part of which has now been removed from Italian influence!), and drove through crowded streets to the Main Square, where there was a march-past of Eighth Army units. During his inspection, the Prime Minister was accompanied by General Sir Harold Alexander, Commander-in-Chief; General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; and General Montgomery, Commander of the Eighth Army. Mr. Churchill wore the uniform of an Air Commodore of the R.A.F. during his visit

DURING THE PRIME MINISTER'S TOUR OF THE VICTORIOUS EIGHTH ARMY and inspection of the city of Tripoli: Mr. Churchill drives with Lieut.-General Freyberg, V.C., and with General Montgomery

THE CITY IN THE HANDS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY: A view of the main thoroughfare and shopping centre in the heart of Tripoli, which is surprisingly handsome and modern in aspect

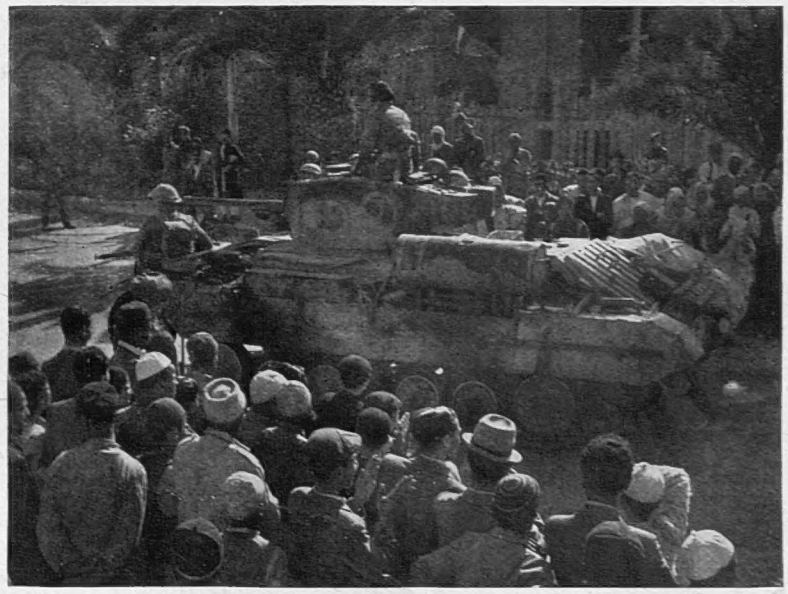
BRITISH TANKS ENTERING THE MAIN SQUARE IN TRIPOLI, with a British military policeman on traffic duty and crowds of interested Italian and native onlookers

The fall of Tripoli to the Eighth Army marked not only the triumph of a hard-fought campaign, but the final liquidation of Mussolini's much-vaunted African Empire. Its loss by the Axis must be a particularly bitter pill for Mussolini to swallow. The disappointments of previous campaigns, when the Eighth Army twice reached the borders of Tripolitania only to be thrown back eastwards again, are now avenged. General Montgomery was met at the entrance to the city by high Italian officials who formally surrendered the town. Large numbers of tanks and other vehicles swept in through the various gates, down the tree-lined streets and into the Main Square down by the harbour. The Union Jack was raised over the town as the British authorities took over control

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SURRENDERS TRIPOLI TO GENERAL MONTGOMERY. The scene at the Castel Benito Gate into Tripoli, when the Lieutenant-Governor of Libya (Commendatore San Marco), the Prefect and the Lord Mayor of the city, met the British Commander. General Montgomery dictated his terms and the city was formally surrendered. The Italian police were told to remain in control, and the British military police would co-operate with them. There was to be no interference with the civilian population, but no treachery would be tolerated The local authorities were to supply food, water and light to the civilian population

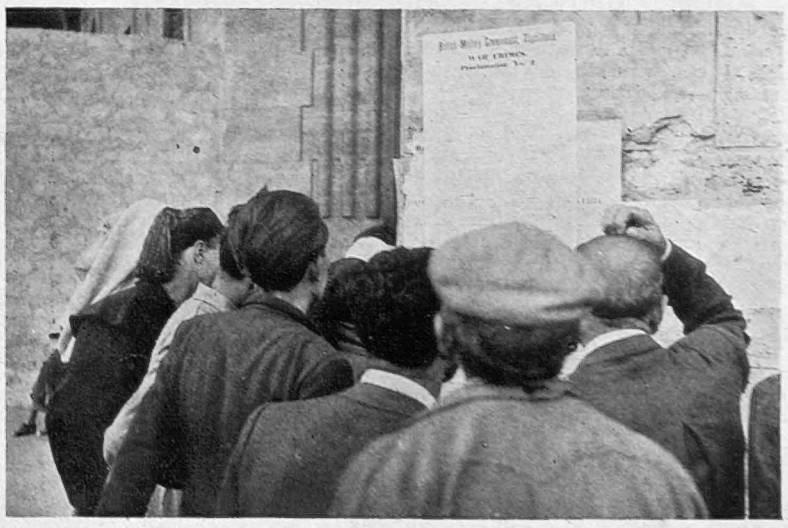
GENERAL LECLERC'S COLUMN REACHES TRIPOLI and joins up with the Eighth Army after a desert journey of 2,800 miles : Starting from the Chad Territory in Central Africa, General Leclerc of the Fighting French brought his column across the desert wastes for nearly 3,000 miles to effect a junction with General Montgomery's forces in Tripolitania—and he did not lose a single vehicle. It was, in fact, one of the most spectacular advances of the war, and one of the most incredible campaigns in history. On occasion, when attacking Italian desert outposts and fortresses, the Fighting French were outnumbered, but never did they suffer a reverse. The leader himself, General Leclerc, began the war as a captain : "Leclerc" is not his real name, as he still has relatives in France who might suffer were his real identity revealed

THE EIGHTH ARMY CHIEF IN A FORWARD AREA : General Montgomery discusses the present situation in Tripolitania with the members of his staff at a conference in the open air



HOW THE MECHANISED FORCES ENTERED THE CITY OF TRIPOLI : An Eighth Army tank passing through the tree-lined streets with the scars and stains of battle still on it

HOW THE GREAT EVENT WAS RECORDED for the benefit of listeners at home. Godfrey Talbot, of the B.B.C., broadcasting a description of the Eighth Army's entry into the town of Tripoli



THE CITIZENS OF TRIPOLI read the proclamation pasted up by the British military authorities on the city's walls

U-BOAT LAIRS ON FRANCE'S ATLANTIC COAST

After Lorient, There are a Number of Other Nazi Nests Which Might be Smoked Out by the R.A.F. By FERDINAND TUOHY

WE are all being urged to think U-boats these days, and the inevitable result is that we talk about them, too—as world strategists in public and in the home and on the wireless. Quite a deal is also written about this pest, which is said to be, at the least, seriously postponing the end of the war in Europe and, at the worst, still rendering the victory of the United Nations hypothetical.

It is not an easy matter for the ordinary person to conclude how the position really stands, since one day an important Allied voice hints at shattering losses that almost seem to justify some of the German triumphal sea bulletins, only for us to be told the following week not to worry overmuch, things are not as bad as all that, and the Nazi bulletins are invariably grossly exaggerated.

As one firmly in agreement with the policy of not informing the enemy of our sea losses, I do not wish to know a ton more about them now than heretofore. It does seem that, if any justification had been needed of keeping silent, it came with the success of the North African landings, when an armada of 850 vessels materialised out of the blue when the Axis had made up its mind that we had not the shipping for such an invasion luxury or anything like it. Keeping mum about sea losses suggests itself as an aid to other surprises in the future.

For present purposes, Allied losses are accepted as being grave, with every indication that the Hitler-Doenitz combination intends to make them graver, maybe in conjunction with exhausting blows of another kind upon this main advance base of attack, Britain. Our immediate reply is to take the form of stimulated attack on the U-boat in the three fields where most injury can be done to it: at sea as the vessels hunt in packs; in the factories and yards where the enemy submarines are developed and put together piecemeal; and in the lairs or "homes" which the Axis underwater craft use to rest and refit.

For the attack at sea, the Allied navies and Coastal Command are mainly responsible. Attack on the U-boat bases and factories has been almost exclusively by bomber. The bombing assault on lairs has been spiced by Commando activities—as at St. Nazaire. Indeed, it is the attack on U-boat lairs along the French Atlantic coast that has prompted this article.

Referring to the thunderbolt bombings on Lorient, Admiral Stark observed that "it is just one of the elements which go to lick the U-boat and we can't afford to neglect any of them."

Now Darlan spent a great deal of money on this Breton pet of his, Lorient, which he raised to be the fourth French naval base, after Toulon, Brest and Cherbourg. He fortified Lorient, which lent itself particularly for use by submarines by reason of lying several miles inland from the ocean, a deep channel joining the naval "war port", with the roadstead. The whole region is thought to have been devastated by the recent raids, "though it will take two months before the actual results are noticeable. By that time, if the 'blitz' has been successful, many U-boats now at sea will have to find a new home in which to rest and refit."

There seems to be one thing doubtful about this. Has Lorient been used as much by U-boats as our long concentration on the port has appeared to indicate? Lorient has been bombed close on seventy times, and if none of the former raids approached those that have just been launched — day and night affairs in which the Americans have joined—nevertheless I can remember broadcasting nearly two years ago—and more than once—of devastating effects noticed by our crews before they hit the homeward skytrail. Yet Lorient always seemed to bob up again after these raids, and one grew to associate its revival powers with the immensely strong "underwater garages" that the Germans were reputed to have built along the banks of the Scorff. One even saw pictures of those U-boat lairs tucked tight away from any possible bombing.

Taken in conjunction with the "mother-ships" that are now out in the Atlantic, bringing stores, munitions and even relief crews to prowling U-boats, or at least exchange leave parties, one is tempted to wonder if the "underwater garages" are not a more successful German answer to Allied bombing raids than it has been thought necessary to admit.

At the same time, may not our bombing have been too exclusively directed at Lorient? Without exact figures at hand, Brest seems to have been bombed about fifty times, but nearly all these raids had to do with the presence in harbour there of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. That is to say, crews directed their bombs on a portion of the dockyard that was never used by submarines, quite a few of which used to use Brest in peacetime. Knowing Brest intimately, I find it a little difficult to believe that the port is not playing a bigger part in the U-boat war than our infrequent raids would seem to show. As the capital of the Second Maritime District, Brest used to be able to take from eighteen to twenty-four submarines, and have all those former French installations been rendered useless to the Germans?

It is not only the big ports that may be used as refit and rest havens. North of Lorient there is the estuary of the Odet, and why cannot U-boats lie up in these sheltered waters while getting their requirements shipped down from Quimper? Similarly, there is the harbour of Le Palais on Belle-Isle, and the inland Morbihan Sea, 40 miles away, opposite. This enclosed water is full of islands at which small steamers used to tie up.

Next there is St. Nazaire and the mouth of the Loire down to Nantes. Both these towns have had their docks bombed, though not often—not a tenth as much as Lorient, although French submersibles used to be refitted in Nantes shipyards, 70 miles from the open sea. The Loire is not a comfortable river to navigate, either near its mouth or anywhere else, but there are many calling-quays on both sides, on the way to St. Nazaire, which U-boats might find handy if their captains were on the look-out for hideouts that did not occur readily to an enemy.

Farther south, Les Sables d'Olonne has a good fishing harbour, but its vast sands are left exposed by tides which go far out. On the other hand, La Pallice and La Rochelle could well be used by U-boats just resting and refitting. An important point must surely be that when submarines are damaged or need repairs they have to head for one of a small selection of ports, but that if they only need to rest and refit a broader choice of havens is offered to their commanders.

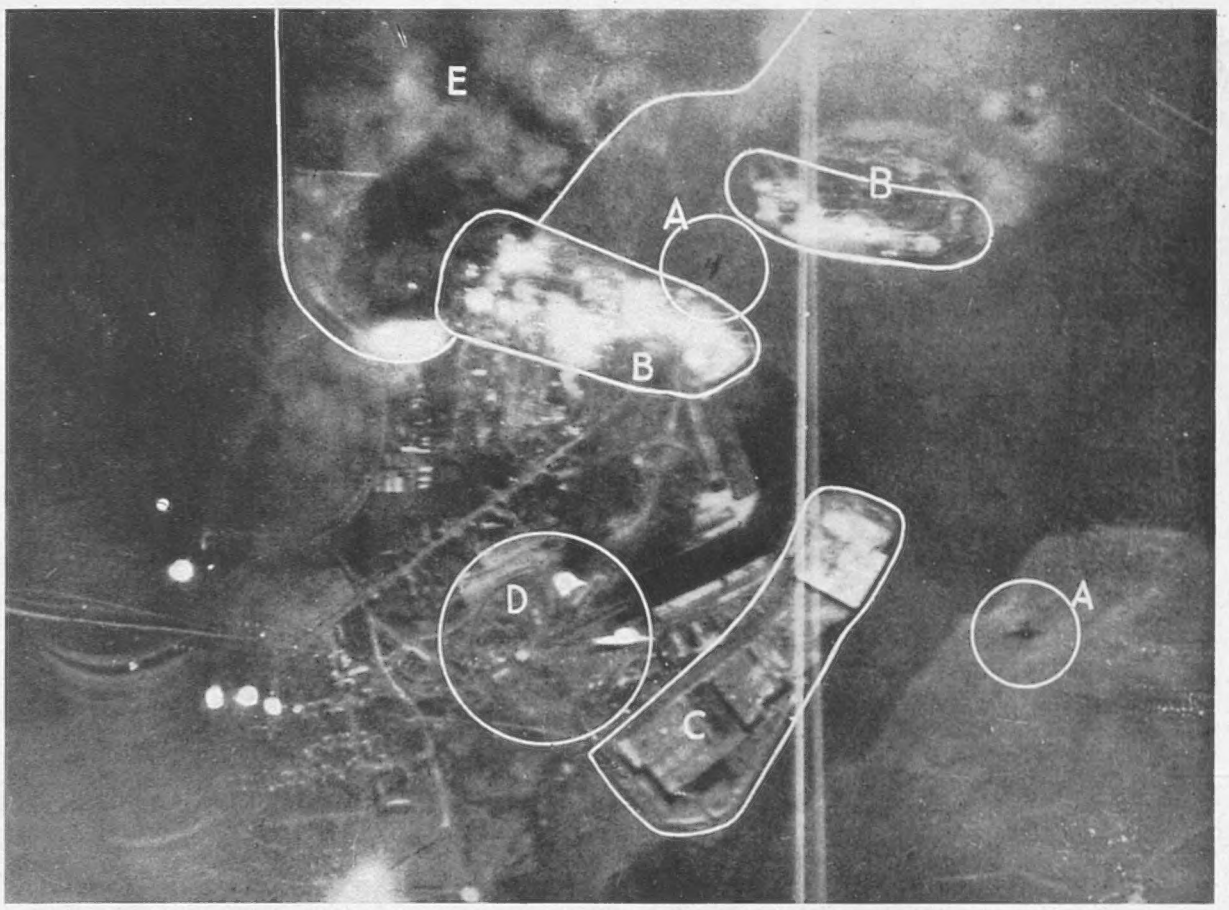
This whole region of the Pertuis d'Antioch seems cut out for use by submarines. To the north lie La Pallice and La Rochelle. And to the south, Rochefort, protected by the isles of Madame, Oleron and Aix. A very few bombs have been scattered in all this time upon La Pallice and La Rochelle—once upon the former when the *Scharnhorst* ran for safety there. Yet with the more powerful bombers now fast coming into use, there should not be great difficulty in "visiting" areas less than 450 miles from south-west England.

Rochefort was the capital of the Fourth Maritime District at the outbreak of war. The Admiral Commanding had say over the wide region, from the Bay of Bourneuf to the Spanish frontier. It is true that the arsenal had been allowed to languish on account of defensive accords with Britain—but is that any reason why the Germans, with no such accords, should not have put the arsenal back in action during the thirty-one months they have been installed locally?

Rochefort was originally chosen by Colbert as the birthplace of the new navy he set himself to build in the seventeenth century, and this master naval personage selected the port for very sound reasons which still obtain to-day, with the one handicap of frequent rough water at the bar of the Charente. But this river is navigable by vessels drawing up to 22 ft. for the whole ten miles inland to where the naval dockyard lies. This dockyard possessed wharfs nearly a mile and a half in length, together with dry-docks and basins. The naval port was in good working order, as the seventh in France, except for the arsenal. There were shipbuilding yards, and more submarines were tended in this estuary, and in the commercial port higher up the river, than the naval dockyard. There is even an additional river port called, I think, Cabane-Carrée. Rochefort was the cadet-training headquarters of the French Fleet Air Arm. New barracks and installations had been erected and a perfectly good seaplane base constructed, near where the famous Marennes oysters come from. Can it be that the Germans have never made any serious use of this whole protected aero-naval region?

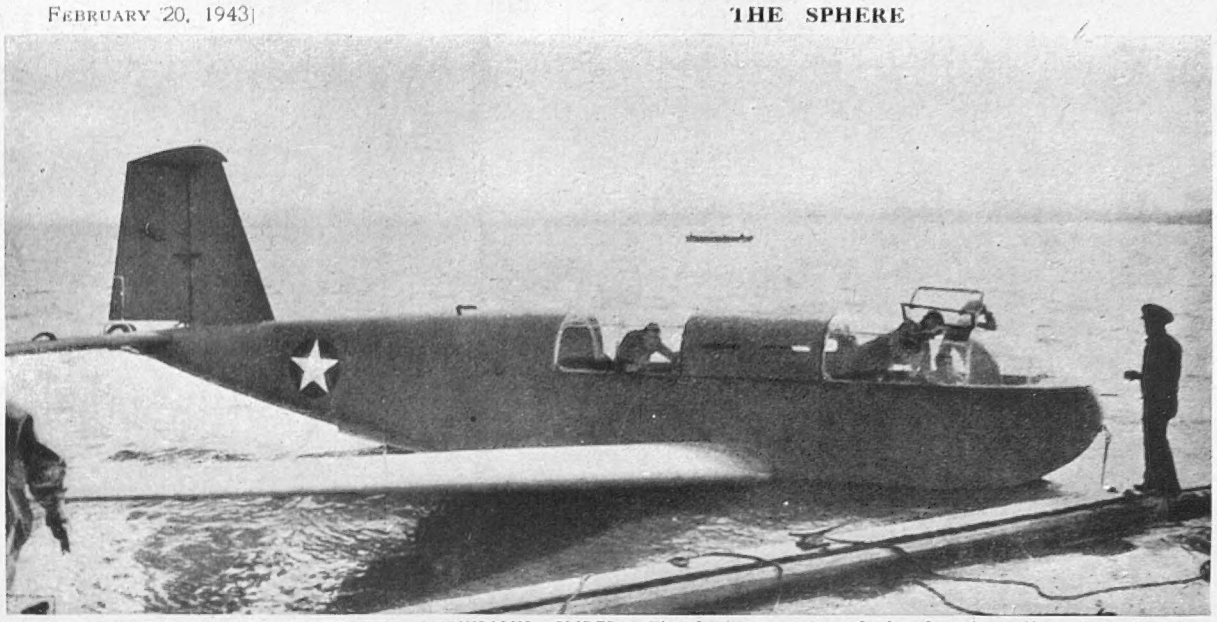
Finally, Bordeaux and the broad estuary of the Gironde. Bordeaux has been "visited" perhaps half-a-dozen times, in search of oil-distilling works near the vineyards of Pauillac and of a seaplane base about three miles from the centre of the town, used by the ocean-ranging Focke-Wulfe. Are these flying-boats, one wonders, the only ocean-ranging craft which use the broad Gironde?

The job of spotting U-boats in their lairs must be terribly difficult, even when the "homes" are not underwater garages. One is very aware of the unremitting and perilous search that Coastal Command undertakes, and of the difficulties of maintaining communication with reliable secret agents in France. It is only because the war against the U-boats has not given the results expected, and because it is now entering on an especially vicious phase, that one draws attention to the possibility of our having overlooked certain places as lairs and "homes" for brief rests and refits on the French Atlantic coast.



THE FIRST OF THE TWO R.A.F. ATTACKS WHICH HELPED TO FINISH OFF LORIENT

Here is one of the most outstanding night pictures taken of an enemy objective under air bombardment. It shows one of our heavy attacks on Lorient, the U-boat base, during the night of February 4-5. The heaviest attack yet, however, was due to follow on the night of February 7-8. As a result of this, the Nazis have ordered the evacuation of the port by all French civilians. In the picture above, the massive concrete submarine-pens and the radial-slips turntable, on the Keroman Peninsula are clearly illuminated by the light of flares and incendiaries. The aircraft from which this photograph was taken was flying at more than 16,000 ft.; two more planes, flying much lower, are seen in the picture. **A** shows two R.A.F. bombers over the target; **B**—sticks of incendiary bombs burning; **C**—concrete submarine-pens; **D**—radial-slips turntable; **E**—smoke from a well-established fire



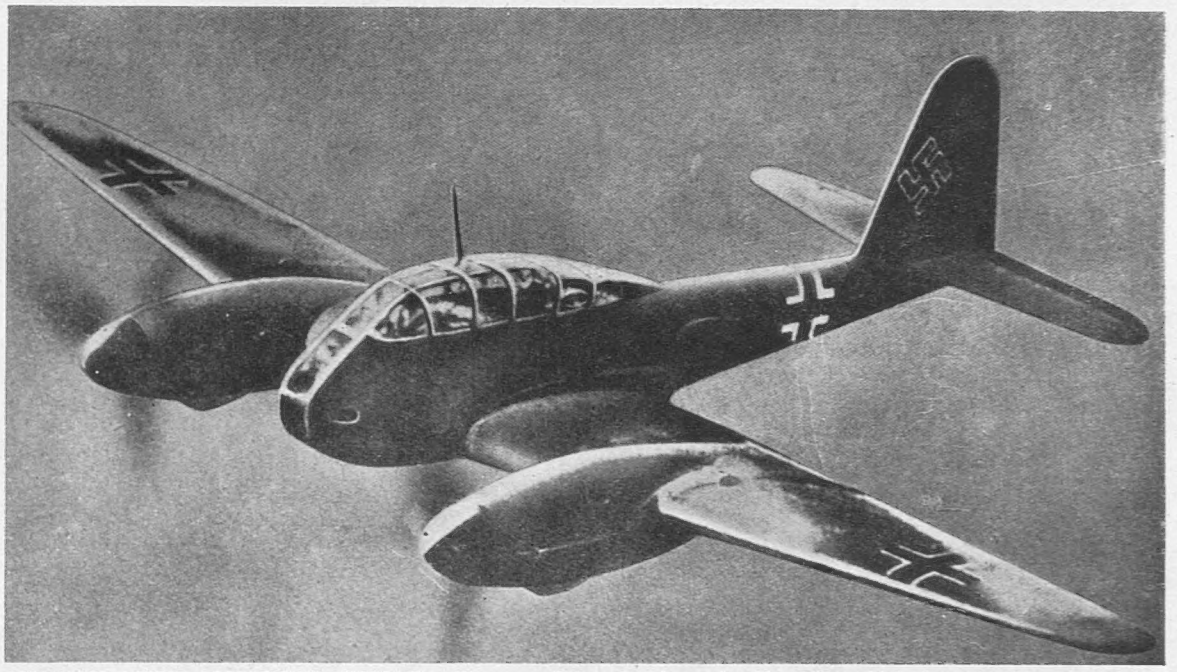
AFTER THE LAND GLIDER COMES THE AMPHIBIOUS GLIDER: The latest weapon of the American Navy is this large engineless aircraft which has just undergone its first trial flight on the Delaware River

The Latest Developments in

THE WAR BY AIR

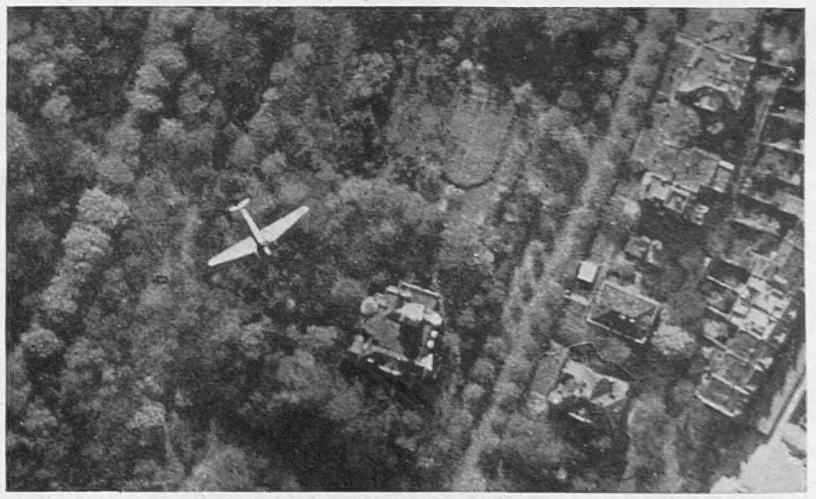
—Some New Official Pictures

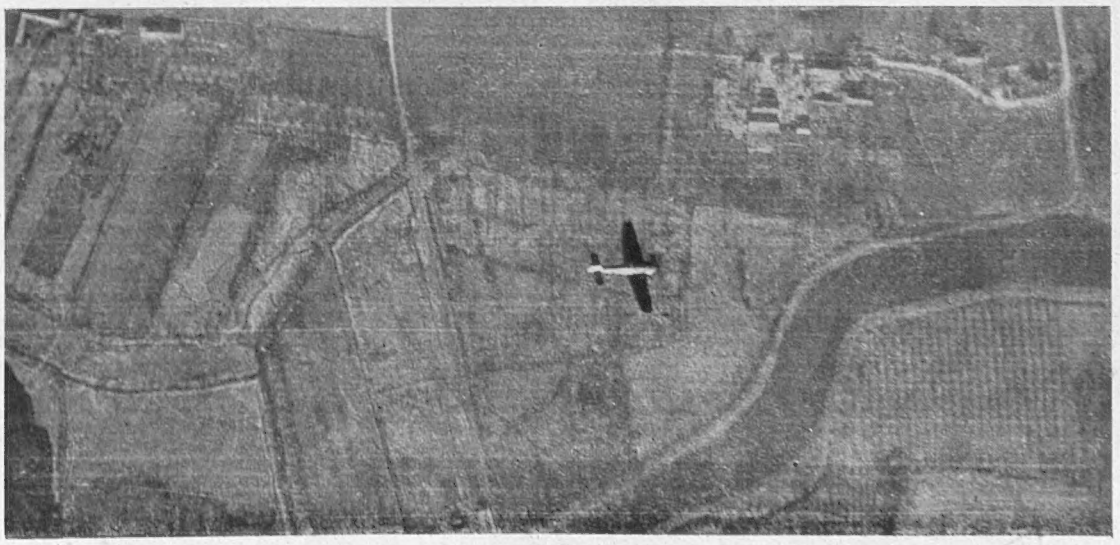
On left—The latest weapon of the United States Navy is the amphibious glider—the Bristol XLQ-I—shown in the picture on the left. This aircraft was tested publicly for the first time on January 16 at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The glider was taken aloft off the surface of the Delaware River behind a big Catalina aircraft: it circled the Yard twice and then landed on the river. It is made of "non-critical" materials (chiefly wood); and it is capable of lifting twelve men with full equipment into the air. The glider is 40 ft. long and has a wing span of 72 ft. It is said to be the first military amphibious glider in the world.



On right—This is the aeroplane which the R.A.F. attempted to entice into the air in their fighter sweeps over Northern France, before it turned up—in some numbers—over Tunisia. Although developed from the 110, the new Me. 210 is a more formidable aircraft, with a speed of 10 m.p.h. more at 18,000 ft (against 16,500 ft. for the 110). The all-up weight of the 210 is nearly 10 tons (21,350 lb.) against the 7 tons (15,300 lb.) of the 110. It is protected with armour-plate weighing 900 lb., and can sling a bomb load of 2,200 lb. (1 ton)—which is probably double that of its predecessor. There are six guns—two fixed 7·9 mm., two fixed Mauser 20 mm., and two 13-mm. guns controlled by the rear gunner (who is also the wireless operator). The quantities of ammunition carried are "very large"; the bomb compartment is in the fuselage nose, beneath the pilot's cockpit. The Me. 210 is also intended to be used as a dive-bomber; for this purpose hydraulically-operated dive-brakes have been fitted. The wing span is 53 ft. 9 ins., and the span is 40 ft. 3 ins. The two engines, of 1,395 h.p. each, give the new aircraft a top speed of 365 m.p.h.

GERMANY'S LATEST OPERATIONAL AIRCRAFT: The new fighter-bomber, the Me. 210, which is a development of the Me. 110, but is very different in appearance. It is stated to have a top speed of 365 m.p.h.



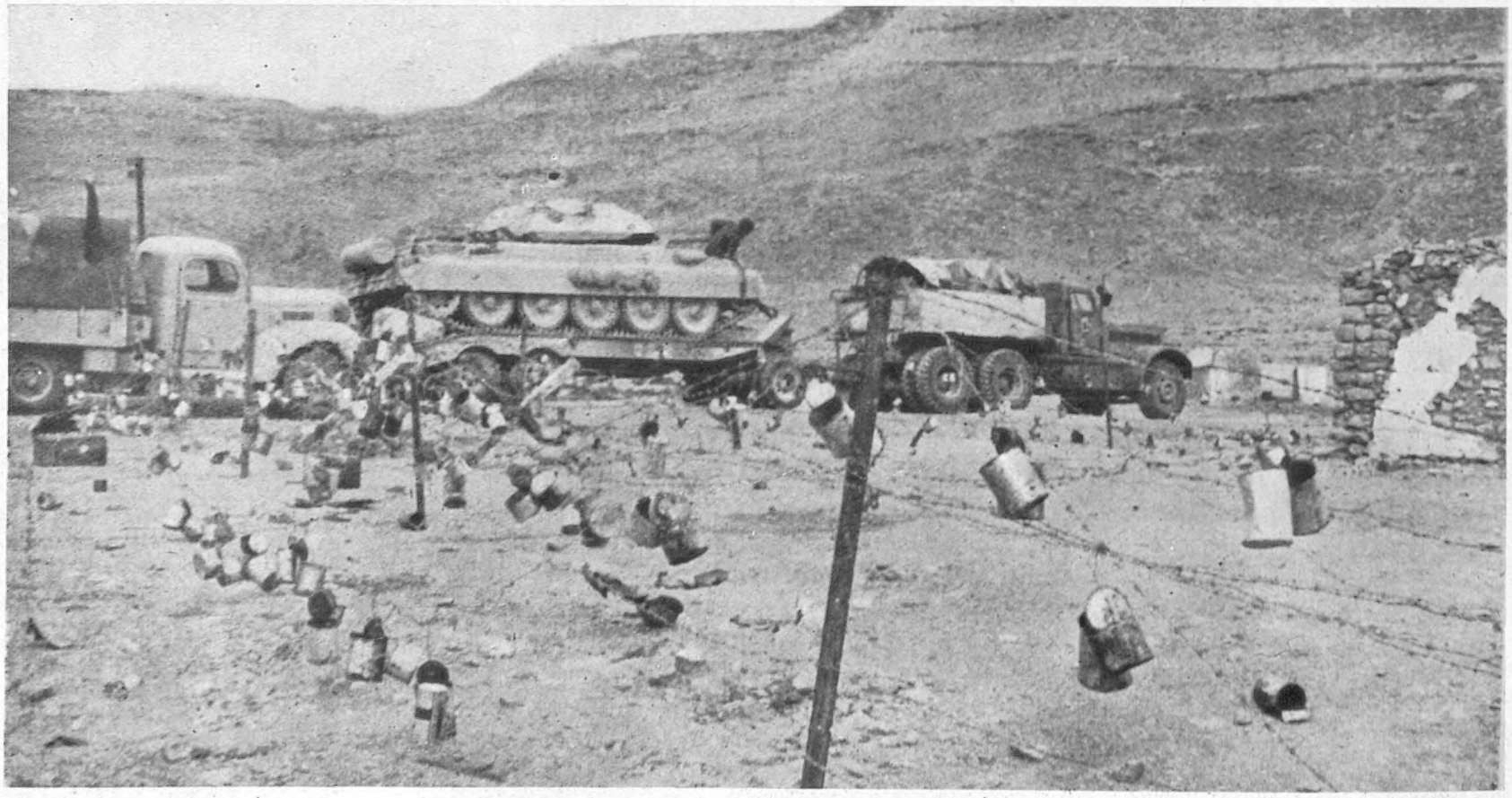


THIS IS WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE. Three pictures taken by the R.A.F. whilst over hostile territory, showing German aircraft actually in flight during British air operations

The first of these three pictures (in the upper left) is of a Junkers 88, the standard twin-engined day or night bomber of the *Luftwaffe*; the "backcloth" against which it was photographed is the town of Danzig. The second picture (above) shows a Focke-Wulf 58: this is a twin-engined monoplane used for advanced training. Here it is seen in flight near the town of Aachen. The third picture was photographed from an aircraft of Bomber Command during a daylight raid on the marshalling yard at Abbeville in Northern France. It shows the *Luftwaffe*'s "big bad Wolf," the Focke-Wulf 190, the single-seat fighter monoplane which was intended to sweep our Hurricanes and Spitfires from the sky—but didn't!

In the WAKE of the VICTORIOUS EIGHTH ARMY in Libya and Tripolitania

THE LITTER LEFT BEHIND BY AN ARMY IN RETREAT, SOME OF WHICH MIGHT HAVE CONTAINED "BOOBY TRAPS." This is a typical scene witnessed by the men of the Eighth Army in the Western Desert as they chased Rommel's rearguard into Tunisia. The Nazis and Italians left behind a tremendous litter of sun helmets, machine-gun ammunition, grenades, food, blankets and other impedimenta. But British soldiers were warned to beware of booby traps which may (in typical German fashion) have been attached to some of the abandoned articles



ITALIAN "TIN-CAN" DEFENCES IN THE WESTERN DESERT. A tank transporter of a New Zealand Division is here seen passing through barbed-wire defences, erected by the Italians during the later phases of the great westward advance by the Eighth Army. Tin cans were strung up on the wire to warn the defenders when our patrols penetrated the section—a simple and effective warning device which, nevertheless, availed the enemy naught!

HALFAYA PASS TO-DAY: ALLIED TRANSPORT MOVING UP TO REINFORCE THE ARMY OPERATING IN TRIPOLITANIA. As far as the eye can see, the columns stretch out in a never-ending stream. Winding round the "badlands" on the Egypt-Libya borders, thousands of vehicles are streaming westwards with equipment and supplies for the men in the field. This is where some of the heaviest fighting of the whole war took place, and where the enemy's fleeing columns were strafed without mercy by the R.A.F. after the Afrika Korps had been decisively beaten at El Alamein. To-day no enemy aircraft come over to dispute our progress through the Pass

ON THE COAST ROAD THROUGH LIBYA: The road must be made capable of carrying the heaviest traffic. This picture shows tank transporters moving along the concrete surface after it had been cleared: the transporters weigh some 40 tons, with their heavy loads

One of Mussolini's positive achievements in Libya was the building of a first-class highway from the Egyptian frontier to Tunisia. To-day that road forms the most important line of communication for the Eighth Army, with its bases to the east. For 1,000 miles the road leads through endless stony desert, dipping for 200 miles through the green and pleasant hilly country between Derna and Benghazi on the way westwards. The enemy has done his best to destroy it by blowing up sections, mining almost every yard of it, destroying bridges and generally making it unusable. The Royal Engineers restored this road to full use in the quickest possible time. They made by-passes round destroyed sections and bridges, repaired bridges, dug up mines, rendered booby-traps harmless, as well as countless other jobs necessary for the safe passage of thousands of vehicles carrying supplies and troops towards Tripolitania

THE INDIA WE OVERLOOK

The Magnificent War Record of the Indian States; and (in particular) the Story of the Maharaja of Nawanagar

By Professor L. F. RUSHBROOK WILLIAMS

IT is to be feared that quite a number of those who heard the forthright, soldierly speeches of the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, when he was in this country as one of India's representatives at the War Cabinet, were obliged to look at an atlas to find where Nawanagar is. We all know too little about the Indian States; for, unlike the Congress Party of British India, which propagandises extensively here and in America, the Indian Princes have no machinery for telling us about themselves. Yet, between them, they rule nearly half India; many States represent a political tradition which is racy of the soil, and can be ignored only at great risk to the future of the country. For they stand as modern representatives of a system which goes back beyond the dawn of Indian history—the combination of local institutions, local culture and local patriotisms linked together at the top by a machinery empowered to deal with common interests.

Indeed, the recent development, in British India, of self-government in the Provinces is an acknowledgment that the country is too large and too diverse to be administered as a unit save for certain very limited all-India purposes. The Indian States illustrate this principle; and that is one reason why, although they are as anxious as British India that India should be fully self-governing, they oppose the domination of the whole country by a single party run on totalitarian principles—which is the aim of the Congress.

This difference in outlook has led to much criticism of the States by the politicians of British India, who tend to assume that the concession of British India's right to govern itself carries with it a right to govern the Indian States also. For this assumption there can be no justification; the true solution is to create new institutions at the centre which, because they are empowered to speak both for British India and for States India, in matters of common concern, will hold the country together. But in shaping these institutions, the States, very justly, claim a voice; for Britain has no right to force them against their will into any such arrangement. They are not British territory; their people are not British subjects; and there is no legislature, either in Britain or in British India, that can affect in any way their local laws. Moreover, they have a vigorous life of their own, a strong martial tradition and long experience in dealing with such problems as Hindu-Muslim relations—where their success has been remarkable.

The Indian States have a magnificent war record, which badly needs telling. Their contribution in men, money and material to the cause of the Allies has been outstanding. It was surely appropriate that the Prince representing India at the War Cabinet should himself have been a soldier of India's Regular Army, a senior Captain in the 5th-6th Rajputana Rifles, before he was Maharaja of Nawanagar.

I was privileged to work with him in the days following his accession; and I was struck by the contrast between the life he led, and that which is sometimes pictured, not only in Britain, but in British India, as falling to the lot of an Indian Prince. In fact, as contrasted with fiction, it is a whole-time job to rule a State; and every one of the Princes I have personally known has failed singularly to live up to the highly-coloured pictures of the romances. They have to undertake a vast deal of detailed administration of every kind; for no matter how able their officers may be—and the standards of the public service in many States are very high—they must always be accessible to the humblest of their subjects. For if once they get out of touch with popular feeling, and allow their heads of departments to interpose between their subjects and themselves, they soon run into trouble. Their people become discontented; the machinery of the State develops unexpected frictions; and there begins to emerge that gulf between rulers and ruled which is so unfortunately characteristic of many parts of British India.

When an Englishman becomes part of the administrative machine in an Indian State, he notices at once the contrast with British India. For in an Indian State, governors and governed are really one; it is the rule of Indians by Indians. I have worked with Governors of British Indian Provinces—who represent, I think, the nearest parallel that British India can show to the position of an Indian Prince; and I have worked with Indian rulers. The difference between the two, in such matters as the allocation of their time to different branches of their work, is rather striking. A Governor has much paper-work; and though he sees a good deal of his Ministers and of his officials, and, indeed, has many visitors, it would not be unfair to say that he spends a lot of time at his desk. An Indian Prince has comparatively little paper-work; he spends the greater part of his time seeing people and talking to them. He has to get round a good deal more than a Governor; when people do not come to him, he goes to them; he is constantly inspecting, visiting outlying places, adjusting difficulties by personal intervention. When I was working with His Highness the Jam Sahib, I do not believe a single day passed in which we did not do as much business outside the Palace as inside it. Very frequently, we would cover a couple of hundred miles in the course of the day; fast cars and good roads enabled us to combine this easily with the ordinary routine. Our day began quite early in the morning; and from the moment when he got up, the Maharaja was busy. He had an immensely heavy daily post; for a large proportion of the petitions asking for his help, for his intervention or for his advice, come by registered mail from outlying parts of the State. The ordinary routine petitions would be referred to the appropriate department for inquiry and report; a note being made in the Palace Office to ensure that the appropriate reminder would issue in the case of undue delay. Cases that looked serious, for example, complaints against district officers, were reserved by the Maharaja for his personal inquiry. Quite often we had to dispose of a large bagful of this sort of business before breakfast. Then, after breakfast, came the regular interviews with heads of departments—of the railway, of the port, of the Revenue, of External Affairs, and the like. Each had important cases needing the personal orders of the ruler. This finished, we would go to the Old Fort in the middle of the city, where a large crowd of people, each with a personal petition, would be waiting. Very various these petitions were, too: for an Indian Prince is by tradition the "Mother" and "Father" of his people, and nothing that interests them is outside his competence. One man would ask the Maharaja's intervention to heal the feud between mother and daughter-in-law; another would ask for a State grant to help him dig a new well; a third would complain that he had failed to get justice in the local court. Each would be allowed his full say; and then would be advised, commended or admonished. It all took a great deal of time; but everyone assured me that it was really the most important part of the Maharaja's work. Indeed, I think it was; for it was noticeable how contented were even the petitioners whose prayer was rejected. They had come to face their Prince; they had seen him, visibly, ruling. They had made their plea; they had received his orders. The matter was

A PUNJABI MUSSULMAN, an Awan of Shahpur District, one of the many recruits to the Indian Army in Northern India

INDIANS FLOCK TO JOIN UP IN NORTHERN INDIA. New recruits receiving an advance of pay on enrolment. Recruiting in that vast country has proceeded apace, quite unaffected by the Congress campaign

THE INDIAN ARMY RECRUITING STAFF leaving by rail motor-trolley after a visit to the Warcha Salt Mines, in the Khashab of Shahpur District

finished. Win or lose, they had had their say; they had received a "square deal."

Following some hours of this sort of work, the Maharaja would return to the Palace for lunch; after which work began again. Except in the hot weather, the afternoons were often devoted to journeys and inspections. After tea, there would be a brief interval for tennis, squash or golf; but, even here, in the intervals of actual play, a good deal of business would be done with senior officials. Then came dinner; and afterwards, as a rule, a pretty early bed. It was a strenuous life, but very interesting; and the point of it was that the ruler's finger was constantly on the pulse of the people. He knew what they were thinking; and, even more important, what they were feeling; what they wanted, and what they did not want.

Now the working of the Government of Nawanagar, which I have briefly sketched, is in many ways typical of the working of the States generally. I say "in many ways" advisedly, because the great area of States India, nearly 700,000 square miles in extent, and inhabited by 93,000,000 people, contains 562 States, great and small. The very large States, like Hyderabad, which is the size of France, contrast sharply with the very small States, of only a few acres. In the case of the former, the complexity of the administration, and the sheer magnitude of the problems that arise, tend to reduce the purely personal functions of the ruler. In the case of the latter, paucity of resources imposes difficulties upon efficient administration. But there is a large intermediate class of States, of which Nawanagar may be considered a fair sample, where a good modern administration functions, and where the ruler can, nevertheless, keep in close touch with everything that goes on. And even in the greatest States, the ruler's personal touch is always present; for he is the pivot of administration, and to him his subjects look, even if they cannot always approach him face to face, for an ever-watchful guardianship of their interests. This is the price of the loyalty, pride and devotion which characterises the feeling of the vast majority of the subjects of the Indian States towards their rulers.

Not every State is well-governed. In each generation there are a few—generally a very few—rulers who, by incapacity, bad upbringing and the like, fail to rise to their responsibilities. Even then, if they select good ministers, the administration functions pretty well; while if things go badly wrong, the very lively public opinion of their people either brings the ruler up with a round turn, or produces trouble of the type which causes the British Government to insist upon improvement. A far greater difficulty than an unsatisfactory Prince is a poor State; for if there is not enough revenue to pay competent officers, and to maintain good administration, the people stagnate in poverty and distress. The problem is realised; the Chamber of Princes, which is the central deliberative body of the Indian rulers, is proposing the creation of joint services, shared by numbers of small States. Eventually, there will probably be grouping; so that tiny units can come together for their mutual advantage.

The Indian States are not museum-pieces. They are active political entities with a vigorous and characteristic life of their own. It is for the British people, with whom they have always kept faith, to ensure that due importance is assigned to them in any plan for India's future.

THREE DISTINGUISHED INDIAN STATESMEN: Khan Bahadur Sir Huque Azizul, C.I.E. (on left), High Commissioner for India in the United Kingdom since 1942; Sir Ramaswami Diwan Bahadur Mudaliar, K.C.S.I., representative of India at the War Cabinet and Pacific War Council in London, and Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council without Portfolio; and the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, representative of India at the War Cabinet and Pacific War Council

Sir Huque Azizul is fifty years of age: before coming to London in 1942 he had served, successively, as Minister for Education in Bengal; as Speaker of the Bengal Legislative Assembly; and as Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University and Head of the Department of Islamic History and Culture.

Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar is fifty-five years of age. He was for long identified with Madras State: in 1931 he became a Member of the Indian Legislative Assembly and in 1936 a Member of the India Council. From 1937 to 1939 he was Adviser to the Secretary of State for India, and since 1942 he has been a representative of India in London.

The Maharaja of Nawanagar, Honorary A.D.C. to the King, is forty-seven years of age. He is the present bearer of a name familiar to all Englishmen. He joined the Indian Army in 1918 and has seen active service in Egypt and on the North-West Frontier. He came over to represent India in the War Cabinet in London in 1942.

TWO OF INDIA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SONS: Lieut.-Colonel the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar and Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, both representing their country at the War Cabinet in Britain, in intimate conversation at their London hotel

A GERMAN U-BOAT REFUELLING AT SEA FROM ONE OF THE NEW "MOTHER SUBMARINES"—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

As much of the space in a submarine is occupied by torpedoes, tubes, air compressors and air containers—all purely for offence—it can easily be understood that a large submarine, built solely as a non-combatant supply or depot ship, could carry quite a large quantity of vital stores with which to revictual other vessels. In the drawing above (based on a picture from an enemy source) a supply submarine is shown in the act of refuelling a fighting submarine at sea. The fuel supply-pipe is lashed to a wire hawser which takes the strain, the oil-pipe itself not being strong enough to withstand the sudden "snatch." A vigilant look-out for Allied ships or aircraft is kept while the refuelling is in operation. A German naval spokesman has described the U-boat parent ships as being larger in the beam than the normal submarine and capable of carrying everything necessary to keep submarines working together in packs.

SUBMARINE "TANKERS" for the WOLF-PACKS?

A Report on the Latest German U-boat Claims

By MICHAEL J. MASSEY

THE U-boat war, never very far from the centre of the stage, has moved into the limelight again, and with the intensification of the struggle come several hints of changed Nazi technique. Mr. A. V. Alexander has said that our convoys now meet "not merely packs of U-boats, but echelons of packs." Forecasting the appearance of more U-boats on the western side of the Atlantic, Admiral Nelles, of the Canadian Naval Staff, has said that Nazi submarines now seem able to stay longer at sea, probably drawing supplies from very large U-boats which act as tankers.

Admiral Nelles's theory provides a reasonable explanation for any increased success which the U-boats may be having. From Lorient or Brest (the principal U-boat nests) to the steamer lanes on the American side of the Atlantic is a trip of about 2,800 miles. The trip out and home would represent a considerable loss of fighting time—say, nineteen days out of the thirty for which the submarine may be fuelled and fed. Of course, not every U-boat goes so far from home, and the travelling time is by no means a dead loss—there is always the chance of picking up a target *en route*. But if the U-boat *could* be refuelled and rearmed near the scene of her work, she could probably stay at sea for sixty days instead of thirty. Applied to a fleet of a hundred or more U-boats, this would represent a great gain in fighting efficiency, equivalent possibly to a numerical increase of the fleet by 10 or 15 per cent.

The Nazis claim that refuelling at sea by U-tankers, or "sea-cows," is now established practice. In a recent broadcast, they described the U-tankers as being three times as large as an ordinary U-boat. The fuel-oil carried is, according to the same report, in huge "blisters" on the outside of the hull. The boat also has a bakery, operating theatre, large torpedo stores, and rest and recreational facilities for the crews of fighter U-boats.

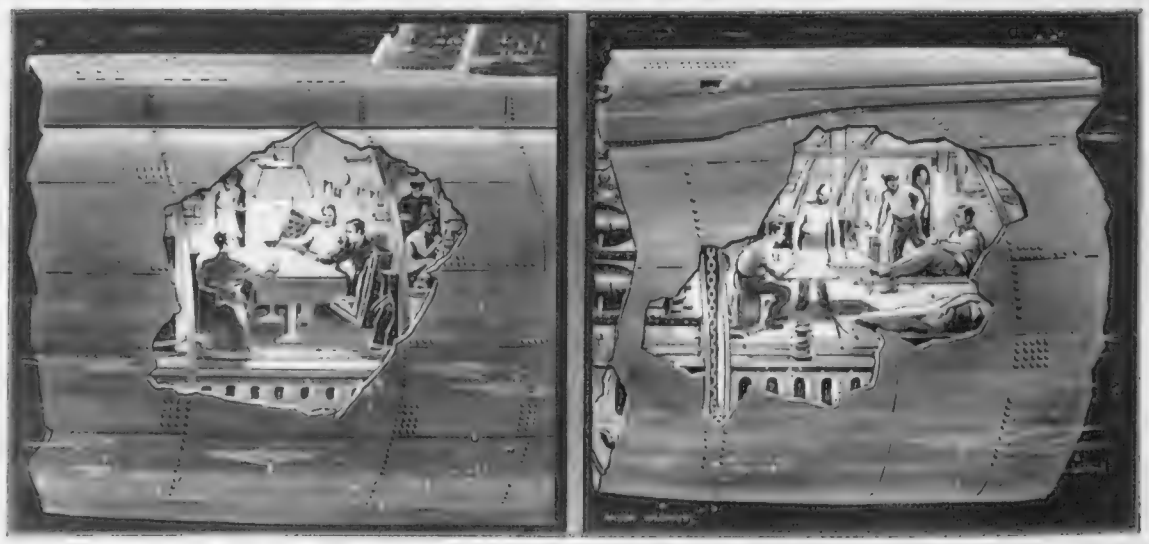
Making due allowances for Nazi propaganda, some probabilities still remain. A submarine three times as large as an ordinary U-boat would be about 3,000 tons. We ourselves had a submarine of this size—the huge *Surcouf*, which joined us after the fall of France. She carried two 8-inch guns and a small seaplane. The Germans are perfectly capable of building a similar boat—they built the *Deutschland* to act as a cargo U-boat in the last war, and she succeeded in making two trips to America before being sunk on the third.

One such boat as the *Surcouf* would not be very valuable, however. She could probably carry 750 tons of oil, besides her own needs, and this would serve to refuel seven or eight boats of the U.37 and U.77 classes. To make a real impression on the U-boat war, at least a dozen such U-tankers would be wanted. Their building would absorb much previous labour and materials—enough to build four or five times as many ordinary submarines. They would also require a large number of experienced submarine men in their crews.

Even so, their adoption may well have been forced on Germany. All her naval craft pay scant attention to the comfort of the crew. In her fighting U-boats this has been carried to absurd extremes. The crews have even been reported to make their beds on the spare torpedoes, and to have washing-water only once a fortnight. These may be exaggerations to impress the German at home, but there is some truth in them. Living conditions on the U-boats are undoubtedly bad. The chance of spending a few hours on a larger craft, of having a bath and a better meal; above all, perhaps, of seeing fresh faces and escaping from the war for a little while, would go far in bolstering the morale of men working under such conditions. Considerations of this kind, joined with the necessity of increasing the tempo of U-boat warfare, probably induced the Nazis to build the U-tankers.

To serve their purpose, the U-tankers must have a cruising radius of about 8,000 miles, and a surface speed of, say, 18 knots, which would call for engines of 7,000 h.p. Naturally, refuelling would be carried out at night. Ordinary underwater sound signals would enable the craft to locate one another when in the neighbourhood of the meeting-place.

From their very nature, however, the U-tankers are likely to prove vulnerable. A 3,000-tonner cannot submerge quickly if surprised—a 350-ft. submarine cannot kick up its heels and dive like a 180-footer, and she should offer a better target to depth-charges.



LIVING QUARTERS FOR OFFICERS AND MEN ABOARD A BRITISH SUBMARINE—*Drawing by Anson Gilchrist*

The officers' wardroom on a modern British vessel no longer has machinery in it; only connecting pipes run along the side (cut away in the drawing above to show constructional details). The men's quarters are made as comfortable as possible; but they have to sleep and eat amidst a good deal of equipment and machinery, and with the torpedoes in close proximity (as shown on the right)

OUT WITH A BRITISH SUBMARINE

Life Aboard Our Underwater Craft on Ocean Patrol

Described by FRANK ILLINGWORTH

PICTURE a long, lean, grey shape easing itself cautiously to the surface. Water cascades from the conning-tower—resembling a half-tide rock—and, satisfied that no enemy lurks in the darkness, the narrow hull shakes the sea from its back like a surfacing whale, to ride the rollers. A British submarine has surfaced for a breather. Her commanding officer clambers into the conning-tower hatch, into the open. At his heels come the officer of the watch and the look-outs. Their lungs greet sea breezes with deep breaths. Fresh air is welcome after a day spent beneath the surface. One can almost hear it being inhaled! But only this handful of men enjoy the tang of the sea: the rest of the crew must be content with what fresh air percolates into the machinery-crammed hull.

Throughout the night H.M. Submarine *X* cruises on the surface, recharging the batteries she 'll need when dawn or emergency sends her beneath the waves again. There may be as much as 10 knots difference between surface and submerged speeds. And she takes advantage of darkness to overhaul the Axis tanker which eluded her that evening, to work into a position suiting "torps'" aim.

In the case of unescorted merchant vessels the submarine probably surfaces to bring her guns to bear. The length of her patrol is largely governed by available torpedoes, for which reason she uses her guns when possible.

Surprise is an essential element in submarine attack. Shells do not worry a submerged raider unduly. But an exposed hull is vulnerable, and the submarine cannot afford to be hit. The vessel is manœuvred into a favourable firing position before surfacing. And immediately she breaks water gunners rush through hatches on to wave-lashed decks, while the look-out keeps a sharp eye open for possible aerial counter-attack.

Surface duels can be highly exciting. But they cannot rival the tenseness accompanying underwater attack against escorted targets.

The *X* dives before she enters her prey's horizon. Once submerged, there is no sense of forward movement. It 's calm and silent below the surface. Craftily she manœuvres into position to attack. A feather of foam forbids the continuous use of the periscope. The raider travels blind, frequent sights being taken through a cautiously-raised periscope.

The roar of enemy propellers invades the silence. Then—boom! boom! Depth-charges! They seem to be right on top of the submarine: she shudders violently; perhaps the lights go out, sea-water (which must be kept away from the batteries) spurts through fissures in thin walls. The raider tries to fox the enemy by shifting position. But more depth-charges follow the first salvo.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA AS A SUBMARINE BASE FOR OUR MEDITERRANEAN UNDERWATER WARSHIPS

Malta's vulnerability from the air precluded the use of submarine depot ships in the dockyards there after Italy entered the war in June 1940, and a shore base was resorted to. The duties of such are to provide facilities for minor repairs, fuel and lubricating oils, water, victuals and stores, ammunition and torpedoes, and all the other commodities needed to maintain submarines at sea. The base also ensures rest and recreation for the crews, with fresh air and a change of diet in comfortable surroundings. At Malta the submarine base also has its own piggery, where at times a herd of seventy pigs have been maintained! At the base cinema two performances, with different films, are given each day

An hour passes and still destroyers wheel overhead. Tension remains considerable, but it still leaves room for humour.

"I think," murmurs an officer, "I can hear one of our rat's teeth chattering!" Rats are not uncommon on submarines (though it 's a marvel what they find to live on). They can be heard squeaking sometimes. but they remain silent for hours after a depth-charge attack!

The boat's interior, painted a pale blue, boasts cheering propensities. But the atmosphere grows heavy, and black slime caused through condensation forms on the deck. Conversation and movement are restricted to the minimum. Boredom follows on the heels of excitement. Submarine men know long hours of card-playing, reading and knitting, listening to gramophone and wireless while alert eyes peer through the cruising periscope, or from the bridge when the hunter is surfaced.

Lack of space is among the submarine crew's worst bugbears. Even the *Thrasher*, one of our biggest submarines, boasts a girth little in excess of that of a railway carriage. Into the cigar-shaped frame is crammed a maze of machinery. Once the men have tumbled through deck hatches privacy is at a premium. They "live in each other's laps." The captain's cabin and the wardroom are free of machinery in modern submarines. But lack of space sees the crew sleeping hard by machinery and in the vicinity of the torpedoes.

Eating is perhaps the most popular pastime on patrol. But fumes from the galley amidships have no exit other than into the main body of the vessel when she 's submerged. The air is stale. Night is welcomed for the breath of freshness it offers. But even at night danger lurks in the submarine's tracks. Mines, stalking U-boats, shore batteries, ramming patrol boats, bombers cause the look-out to be constantly alert.

The alarm sees men scramble into the conning-tower. The hatch clangs closed. With a bomber covering (say) four miles a minute, surfaced submarines must lose no time in crash-diving. Crash-diving takes a matter of seconds. But seconds count.

ON THE BRIDGE OF A BIG BRITISH SUBMARINE CRUISING ON THE SURFACE. The crew maintain a ceaseless watch both for surface vessels and for hostile aircraft; and the Lewis gun on the bridge is constantly manned. It is whilst on the surface that the danger of attack is greatest

A maintenance Wren cleaning the propellers of a motor torpedo-boat on the slips

A Wren pulls a torpedo into position: These two pictures come from a base on the west coast of England, where women of the W.R.N.S. are employed on maintenance work. Nowadays thousands of English-women from all walks of life are engaged in a variety of duties under the White Ensign—at bases both at home and abroad

BRITISH LIGHT NAVAL FORCES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: IT HAS ONLY JUST BEEN REVEALED BY THE ADMIRALTY THAT MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS AND an Italian U-boat (which had been in tow by three tugs) was destroyed by some of our

The incident depicted above has drawn attention to the fact that British light coastal forces are now operating successfully off the North African shores in the Mediterranean. On this occasion, an Italian U-boat was sighted on the surface off Tripoli: it was approaching the harbour by night in tow of three tugs. As our light naval vessels came up at speed, the tugs cast off their tows, abandoning the submarine, which was immediately destroyed: in addition, one of the tugs was set on fire and driven on shore. The fate of the others, which were frequently hit, is not known, as they escaped in the darkness, whilst our own vessels pressed home an attack on the harbour works. The communiqué describing the engagement was the first to disclose the presence of British motor torpedo-boats, gunboats and launches in Central Mediterranean waters. Owing to the advance of the Eighth Army, they can now operate from Tripoli all along the Tunisian coast, preying upon the enemy's attempts to run reinforcements and supplies across the narrow Sicilian Channel. "In this," says one naval authority, "they would be more useful than the destroyers . . . since they are faster and far less likely to be seen. Nor are they so prone to suffer losses from air attack." Starting from Alexandria, they have moved their bases steadily westwards until now they are based on the good harbour at Tripoli. Most of these light vessels have to be shipped to distant theatres of war, but some of the new and larger types are capable of making long ocean passages under their own steam

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET VISITS BENGHAZI HARBOUR: Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, wearing battledress, on the bridge of a British naval vessel in the harbour, where the wrecks of Axis shipping lie on every hand. Benghazi is now being used as a supply base for the Eighth Army

GUNBOATS, AND MOTOR-LAUNCHES, ARE NOW OPERATING SUCCESSFULLY IN THE INLAND SEA. The drawing above shows a recent incident off the Tripoli coast when light vessels operating close inshore in support of the Eighth Army—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

ADMIRAL HARWOOD takes pictures of the wrecked Axis shipping in Benghazi Harbour

THE FIRST BRITISH SHIP TO ENTER TRIPOLI HARBOUR. This was one of the light naval vessels which are now being used in the Central Mediterranean. It appeared soon after the Eighth Army had made its triumphal entry into the capital of Tripolitania. Commanding the ship was a Canadian, who comes from Vancouver; his second-in-command was a South African from Cape Town

THE STALINGRAD EPIC: ONE OF THE LAST GERMANS TO SURRENDER EMERGES FROM HIS BARRICADED CELLAR UNDER THE CITY RUINS TO GIVE HIMSELF UP TO

the end, individual German soldiers such as the above emerged into the ruined and snow-covered streets to

SOME OF THE AXIS GENERALS CAPTURED AT STALINGRAD: Brig.-General Dimitriu, of the 20th Rumanian Division; Lieut.-General von Daniel, 376th Infantry Division; Lieut.-General Schlemmer, 14th Tank Corps; and Major-General Moritz von Drebber

When the Russian ring closed round General Paulus's Sixth German Army, twenty-two divisions, representing 330,000 men, were trapped. Within the space of sixty-five days, thousands of them were killed, thousands died of the appalling conditions under which they fought, thousands more were taken prisoner. None remained to carry out Hitler's promise that "Stalingrad would be taken." "The history of warfare has never known such an example of encirclement and annihilation of such a large number of regular troops.

STALINGRAD AFTER LIBERATION: The debris of battle still litters the snow-covered streets: a tramcar stands derelict in its tracks; houses are ruined. But soon the city will come to life again, and once more turn out tanks!

TO THE RED ARMY. The liquidation of the trapped Sixth Army under the German General Paulus represented "Annihilation without precedent in war": towards to give themselves up after sufferings which can better be imagined than described—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

fully equipped with all modern arms," said a special Soviet statement issued after the surrender of General Paulus himself and fifteen of his generals. Within the city of Stalingrad itself, small bodies of Germans continued to hold out: the Nazis had implanted in the minds of many of them terrifying ideas of what would happen if they fell into the hands of the Soviet troops. One by one, however, the pockets of resistance were overcome, until scenes like the above became more and more frequent.

A STALINGRAD FAMILY, who have already moved back to the city, have their first meal on the remains of their former home. Nothing much is now left of it except debris and shell-craters

MARSHAL PAULUS, ex-Commander of the German Sixth Army (on right), being interrogated by Colonel-General K. Rokossovsky (on left) and Marshal of Artillery N. Voronov (centre) after his surrender at Stalingrad with fifteen other generals

These are the shells which, in repeated and heavy barrages, prepared the way for the Red Army's offensive. They are monster 12-in. missiles ready to be flung from giant Soviet howitzers

Mobile as the tanks which they support, these Russian field-guns are roughly equivalent to our 4-in. "mediums." They are equipped with special "anti-flash" caps on the muzzles to hide their light in the fog of war

The Red Army's most successful light gun—the 7·6 cm. This is a highly-mobile field-gun equally valuable for ordinary artillery work and for anti-tank and anti-aircraft assignments

The Soviet anti-tank rifle, carried by two men but operated by one, is a redoubtable weapon. It is capable, theoretically, of firing over 1,000 of these 1-in., armour-piercing bullets a minute: it has accounted for hundreds of German tanks. The "kick" of this rifle is something to be remembered!

THE GUNS OF THE RED ARMY

The Remarkable Part Played by the Soviet Artillery in the Recent Defeats of the Germans

A BRITISH correspondent recently asked Major-General Kotelkov, on the Don front, why Russian losses had been so inconsiderable compared with those of the enemy during the New Year campaign. "Our artillery," said the Red Army man laconically in answer; and he went on to explain how, in the initial stages of the break-through, the Soviet artillery was "so accurate and deadly that the Russian infantry advancing behind the barrage took their objectives with losses of less than a dozen men. *There was no resistance left after the barrage.*"

This vindication of what once seemed a somewhat short-sighted attitude on the part of the Soviet General Staff will interest gunners everywhere. Long before the war, it was being stated in Moscow that the Red Army would continue to give priority to guns—and at that time advanced military thinkers tended to deplore the choice. When Marshal Voroshiloff, as Commissar for Defence, stated that the fire-power of a Red Army Corps exceeded that of either a French or German Army Corps, tank and air enthusiasts were heard to scoff.

Nor did the Marshal's detailed figures affect that unfavourable opinion. The fire-power of one of his Corps, he said, would amount to no less than 70 tons of metal per minute, as compared with 54 tons and 53 tons for French and German Corps respectively. At which the mockers remarked that the Russian guns would doubtless be able to fire that amount of metal, but only into empty space: the mobility of their enemies would be such that artillery would never have a solid target.

What those critics forgot was: (1) the impossibility of any army keeping on the move for ever: and (2) the fact that artillery could itself be made mobile.

Thus the Russian guns had little chance to assert themselves while the Germans were advancing, but came into their own immediately the enemy lost his impetus and had to fight from a standing position. The first great demonstration was at Stalingrad, where the Soviet artillery kept the besiegers at bay time and time again. The guns, of which the Russians possessed great numbers, were concentrated in masses on narrow sectors. Fire from as many as four regiments sometimes converged on the German columns as they blindly pushed forward.

These guns were the principal objective throughout of the *Luftwaffe*, whose aeroplanes bombed narrow sectors methodically. It was also a German tactic to lure the batteries into revealing themselves by sending two or three tanks ahead to draw their fire while twenty or thirty tanks lay about 1,000 yards back, ready to act as destroyers. But the Red Army gunners were too clever and too numerous. They continually received new weapons, hot from the great Dzerzhinsky works just at their rear, and the invaders were literally pounded into quiescence. The siege became static, and failed.

Then the Soviet artillery arm revealed its full strength. Leading the immense, many-pronged offensive from Voronezh to the Caucasian foothills, it confounded the critics finally with its extraordinary mobility. Great guns on tractors, others on rubber-tyred wheels behind conveyers, smaller pieces on sledges, swept ahead to lay down successive barrages which so battered and demoralised the German field positions that Red tanks and infantry enjoyed repeated "walk-overs." One of Zhukov's artillery regiments fired 35,000 shells in a few days.

The mild weather conditions greatly assisted these gunners, but nothing can detract from their surpassing skill. All correspondents have testified in the last weeks to their consummate accuracy. Time and time again they registered direct hits on German batteries and ammunition-dumps with initial rounds

The guns used were mainly heavy howitzers highly-mobile, but powerful, field-pieces and vicious little mortars, but Russia probably owes her salvation mainly to two unusual and specially-developed types—the 7·6-cm. field-gun and the "mystery mortar" known as "Katiusha."

The 7·6-cm. piece—about 3 ins.—is similar to our own standard anti-tank gun, but is much more mobile and vicious, being capable of operating with the wheels on, and possessing a length of barrel (peculiar to all Russian anti-tank artillery) which gives it a high degree of velocity and accuracy. The Germans have often expressed their envy of it. The weapon can be used both for anti-tank and anti aircraft purposes, but is primarily a field-gun.

"Katiusha," as the Red Army men affectionately call their remarkable mortar, is even more dangerous. Fundamental details have been kept a careful secret, but it is known that the weapon possesses several barrels, perhaps 12·2-cm. calibre, and that it can throw projectiles some seven to eight kilometres—three to four miles—with a most curious and devastating effect on landing. Ordinary mortar shells or bombs explode upwards; those of "Katiusha" split horizontally, causing terrible havoc among near-by men. The decisive weapon has been transported in large numbers on sledges across the snow at high speed to deal with stubborn pockets of resistance. It has rarely failed.

One correspondent has described a typical success of this weapon (above the River Aksay): "It was the usual simple German line. A trench such as workmen would sink to bury a sewage-pipe, then every 50 yards or so a square box set in the earth, reinforced on the crown with logs. Nothing more. This line was smashed by 'Katiusha.' All day the Germans held, but as night fell they began to slip away to the west in small groups. It was a

HOW RUSSIAN TANKS AND INFANTRY JOINTLY GO INTO ACTION ON THE VORONEZH FRONT. This method of "lifting" the foot-soldiers forward has been greatly developed during the present campaign. The tanks are all camouflaged; the machine-guns are fully manned; the speed of the vehicles is considerable. By this means it has been possible to carry out many surprise attacks on individual German strong-points, considerable bodies of men being brought up to the attack within a very short space of time—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

HOW THE RUSSIANS HAVE BEEN LANDING IN THE NAZIS' REAR: Landing-parties in small boats going in to attack in a "Commando" raid. The Russians have landed troops along the coast near Novorossisk, the Black Sea naval base which the Germans have been hoping to hold as another Tobruk. The Red Army have evidently been trying to complete the encirclement of the German troops forced back from the Caucasian oil-fields

tough line to hold, for it was thrown up directly in front of a big munition-dump. And 'Katiusha' had hit that dump too . . ."

Another Moscow observer said the other day: "That superiority of artillery which has been a constant factor in the Russian favour has now become a decisive factor because of the higher speed with which the guns are moved, and the greater audacity with which the commanders are pressing home their advantages. . . . The 'hedgehogs,' so painstakingly prepared to delay the Russian advance, are crumbling under the shattering and demoralising blows of the Russian guns."

So the sturdy conservatives of the Soviet High Command have been more than justified (as, indeed, our own artillery school was vindicated at Alamein). Guns, brought properly up-to-date, remain the decisive masters of the battlefield. And, as her long and careful accumulation of artillery and ammunition has saved Russia, so our similar great store of unused ordnance may shortly rescue the world.

—D. C.

A detachment of Red Army troops making its way over a frozen stream and through a gap in the barbed wire during a raid behind the German lines near Leningrad. Machine-guns and equipment are dragged in flat-bottomed "boats" to enable them to move swiftly and silently over the snow-covered country

A ski-ing detachment of white-clad soldiers armed with tommy-guns advancing over a hill near Leningrad

THE TWO CHIEF CONCENTRATION POINTS OF THE "LUFTWAFFE" AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR 1943—Russia and the Central Mediterranean. In the former theatre of war, all available aircraft are protecting the German retreat; in the latter, they are supporting the Tunisian front and guarding the convoy routes

The DWINDLING of the "LUFTWAFFE"

A Problem which Hitler and the Nazis Must Face —but Cannot Escape!

THE NAZI IN DEFEAT: Deep gloom has settled on the face of this German officer captured by the U.S. forces in French Morocco

FROM the information now in the possession of our Chiefs of Staff, it appears that Hitler and his military organisation are facing the coming year with one inescapable and (for them) ominous fact—the German aircraft industry has reached the zenith of its production; it may even be declining; while that of the United Nations, continually increasing, is still not yet at its peak. If, as many believe, supremacy in the air is the key to ultimate success, then that key has been wrenched from Germany's grasp and is now in the hands of the Allies.

In the year 1942, the German commitments increased to an extent beyond the power of the once-mighty *Luftwaffe* adequately to meet them.

To-day, it is known that less than 50 per cent. of the German Air Force remains in Russia: it is also known that the Russian Air Force outnumbers the *Luftwaffe* in that theatre, and that—apart from their own very considerable production—the Russians are receiving reinforcements of British and U.S. aircraft. The Germans are short of fighters, and are being forced to use bombers—offensive aircraft—for supply purposes.

Aircraft have already been withdrawn from northern Norway, leaving the German Air Forces there insufficient to obstruct the passage of the convoys to Russia, or to maintain an effective offensive against the two ports of entry, Murmansk and Archangel.

More than 50 per cent. of the *Luftwaffe* have been concentrated in Western Europe and in the Mediterranean fighting zones; nevertheless, the Germans are completely outnumbered in fighters in Northern France, Belgium and Holland; and they are short of nightfighters to intercept our raids on Germany and Northern Italy.

Only a "token" force can be spared to mount an occasional bombing raid on a small scale on coastal targets in Great Britain; and even these are only undertaken to provide material for home propaganda, to offset the devastation caused by the heavy R.A.F. attacks on Germany and Italy.

In fact, the functions of the large forces in Western Europe are almost entirely defensive. Bombers have been withdrawn from offensive roles to act as night-fighters, to protect convoys and to transport supplies.

In the Mediterranean, the *Luftwaffe* is handicapped by the weakness of the Italian Air Force and, frankly, is unequal to its many tasks, including the protection of convoys to Tunis and the obstruction of our convoys to North Africa and Malta.

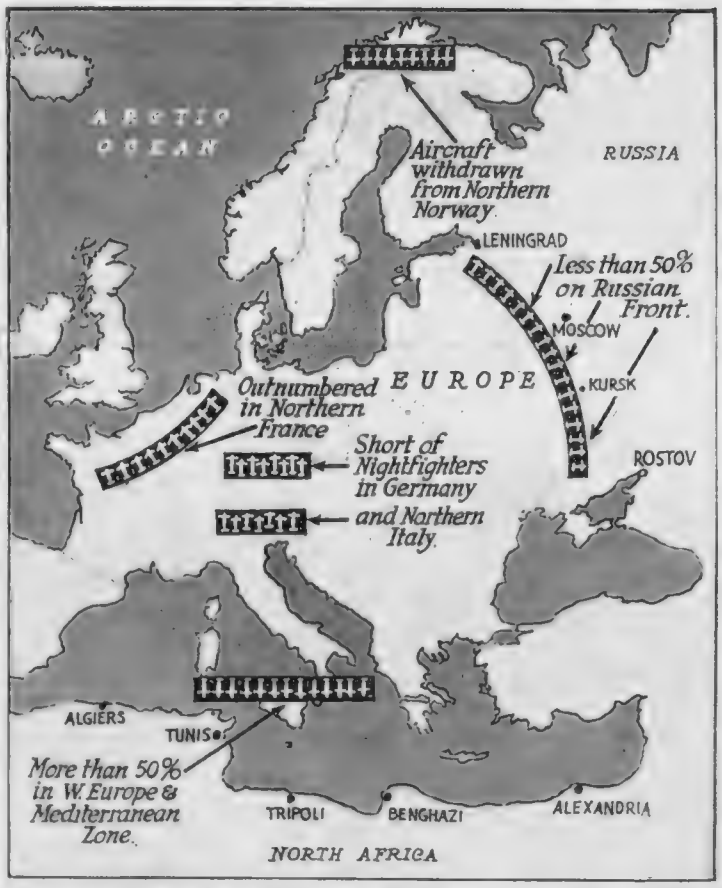
It has been stated that one-fifth of all the single-engined fighters now possessed by Germany are based on Tunisian soil. One estimate of the enemy's total strength of fighters is 900. So that roughly only 180 fighters face our own in North Africa.

To sum up, the Axis Air Forces are being forced more and more on the defensive; and the number of areas they are called upon to defend is growing. There can be only one end to such a situation!

At one time it was Germany's proud boast that the *Luftwaffe* was the mightiest war organisation the world had ever known. With her mighty array of tanks and other fighting vehicles, the Nazis battered through Poland, Holland, France, Greece, and (for a time) Russia. With the ascendancy in the air gone, it remains to be seen how the Army will be able to carry on. In the past,

A CAPTURED GERMAN PLANE WHICH STILL FLIES—FOR THE R.A.F. This Heinkel 111 was brought down in Tripolitania. It has been repaired and made airworthy by R.A.F. mechanics, and now has British roundels painted on wings and fuselage

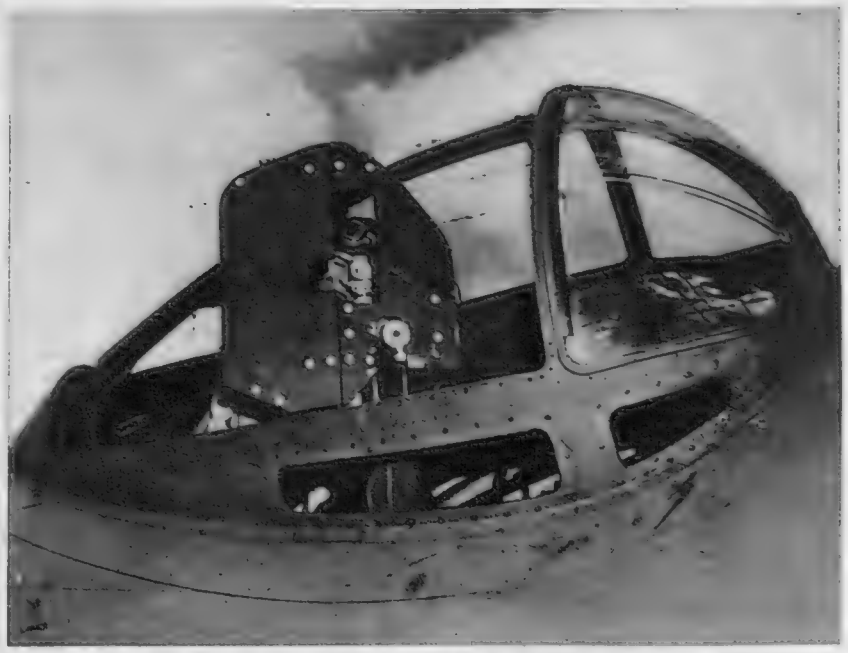
THE NEW DIVE-BOMBER USED BY THE AMERICANS. This is an A25, on a test flight. It is a two-seat, mid-wing monoplane powered with an engine of 1,700 h.p.: it is equipped with a three-bladed electric propeller and retractable landing gear. The new bomber is based on the famous Curtiss Helldiver, and it has a greater speed, longer range and greater striking power than any dive-bomber now in action. Quantity production of the new plane has been under way for some time in the great U.S. aviation factory. No performance data are yet available for publication



HOW THE "LUFTWAFFE" IS STRUNG OUT OVER EUROPE; with many vital areas to guard, it would seem that the *Luftwaffe* is overwhelmingly strong in none of them. Capable observers consider that this is a position which will develop even more strongly as the months pass by

it has been the overwhelming air support given to the infantry which has paid the Germans such handsome dividends. To-day, Rommel is in retreat largely owing to the battering the Afrika Korps received at the hands of the R.A.F. Germany and Northern Italy—as well as the Occupied regions—are being battered by British and American aircraft *by day as well as by night*. It would almost seem as if the weapon has been turned in the enemy's hands! Certain it is that, now we have begun in dead earnest in all theatres of war, we will not let up until the final victory has been achieved.

AN ENEMY "FLAK" POSITION IN ACTION AGAINST THE R.A.F. This remarkable oblique view was taken from a Mosquito aircraft of Bomber Command during a recent attack on industrial targets at Hengelo, Holland, by daylight. It shows a light "flak" position, mounted on a wooden tower, in action against the raiders. The flying debris in the foreground is from a bomb-burst through the roof-lights of the Hazemeyer Electrical and Mechanical Equipment Factory. The mixed train on the right is drawn by a 3900-class locomotive: the shorter type of passenger coach, which follows the long coach next to the engine, is commonly seen in Holland. This picture, incidentally, is a striking demonstration of the low heights at which Mosquitoes fly when on an offensive mission



ARMOUR-PLATE TO SHIELD THE GUNNERS ON U.S. NAVY BOMBERS. Heavy shields of steel guard this air-gunner as he squints through the telescopic sights of his heavy machine-gun in the blister turret of a PBY patrol bomber. This famous long-range aircraft is manned by a crew of eight

On left—**THE R.A.F. BATTER A JAP-HELD AIRFIELD IN BURMA.** This is how our bombers are hammering the Japanese and their military installations in occupied Burma. The camera record was obtained as eighteen bombs burst across the runways of the airfield at Pokokku. Most of the bursts were on the runway intersections and two were on shelters beneath which enemy aircraft had been sheltering. The black patches on the right and top of the picture are cloud shadows

THE WAR IN THE AIR—*Special Sphere Drawings*

COMPLETE SQUADRONS OF THE R.A.F. MOVED BY GLIDERS: The latter, after having cast off from the towing aircraft, arrive at the new airfield with the Squadron's ground personnel and their equipment. On the right the Squadron's Mustang fighters are approaching at the same moment. The gliders shown in this drawing are Horsa troop-carriers used by the Airborne Branch of the Army—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE HORSA GLIDER. This is one of two types now used for troop-carrying, the other being the Hotspur. A pilot sits behind the Perspex front panel: the undercarriage is of the "tricycle" type, and the fuselage is wide and roomy

AS an instance of the manner in which British units are adapting themselves to the newest methods of warfare, there is a recently-issued report which has described how the entire ground and clerical staff of a Mustang Squadron of Army Co-operation Command were moved from one airfield to another by gliders in the remarkably short space of one hour.

It is not so very long ago that gliders made their first appearance in the Army: this was, in fact, the first complete move of a squadron of Mustangs to be accomplished in this way. The gliders were piloted by sergeant-pilots of an Airborne Division and towed by the Command's twin-engined bombers in the manner which must be familiar by now to readers of this journal.

"I knew little about gliders before this trip," said a member of the clerical staff of the Squadron, a corporal, describing the move. "I was surprised when I got inside and had packed my kit. The intricate mechanism of the cockpit fitted with dual-control interested me most.

"I was a bit worried at first, but the cheerful confidence of the pilot soon reassured me. We airmen sat facing each other along the length of the body, and through the little port-holes on each side we saw one after another of the 'tugs' get ready for the take-off. Ropes were made fast, and with a roar the tug and the glider raced down the runway. We all quietened down when our turn came. The tow-rope slackened and became taut alternately; then the noise and the bumping were replaced by a gentle swaying motion and a sound of rushing wind. That was all. We were airborne!

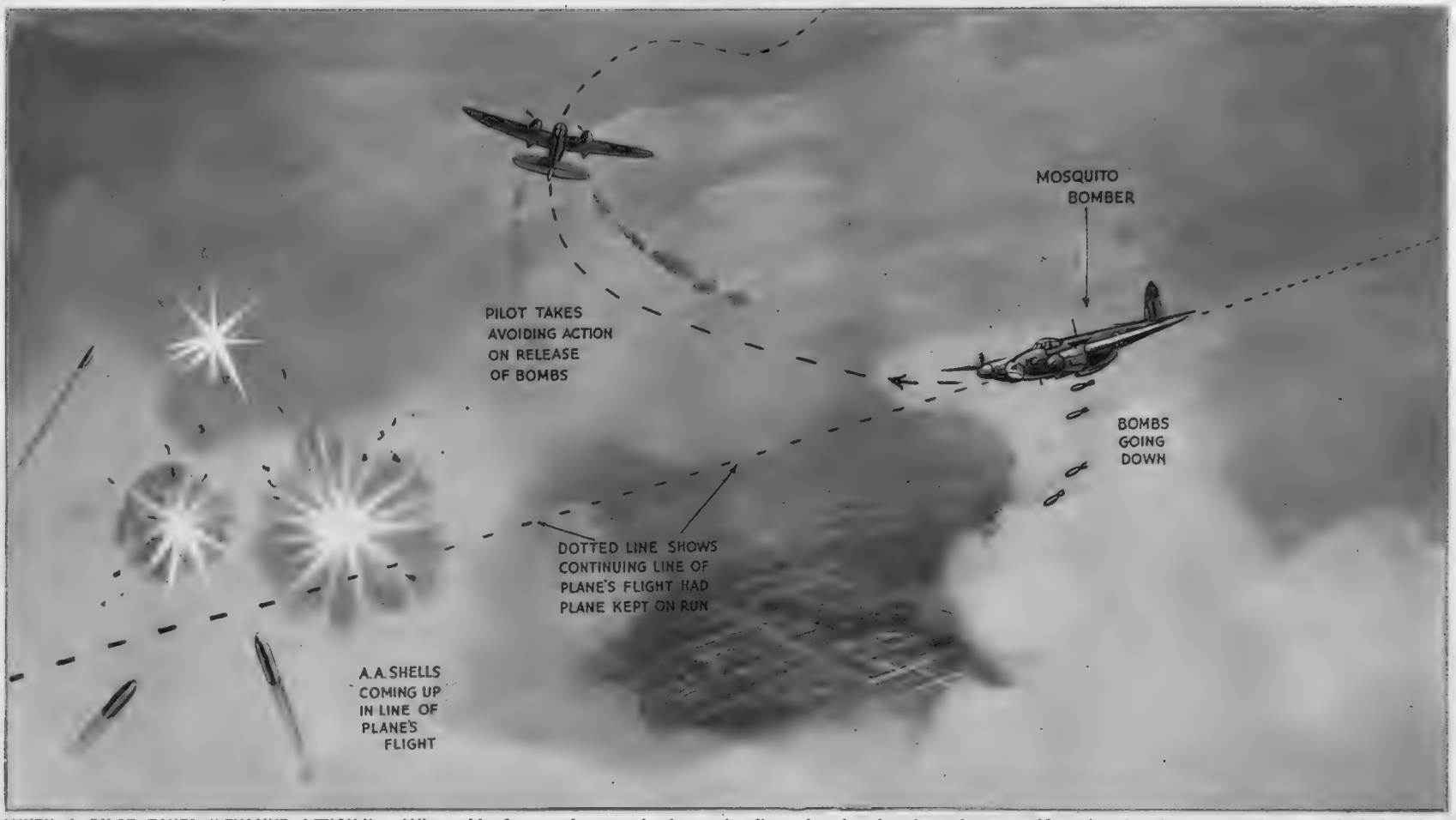
"'If you feel ill,' we were told, 'there's a place at the rear.' We didn't. Soon we were circling the new airfield, the tow-rope was released, and the glider nosed downwards. I slipped forward along the polished seat while my stomach tried to stay where it was. Then we flattened out, shivered, and bumped to a standstill."

Ten minutes later, the Mustangs arrived to find their ground crews waiting for them, complete with all the necessary equipment.

To carry out such duties of transporting troops, two types of glider are used in the British Army—the Horsa (shown above) and the Hotspur. Each is capable of carrying quite a number of men. One glider per towing plane seems to be the best, because air-currents make gliders sheer and bump about too much to have more than one on a towline. After casting off, the distance of travel of the glider depends on the height from which the glide is started.

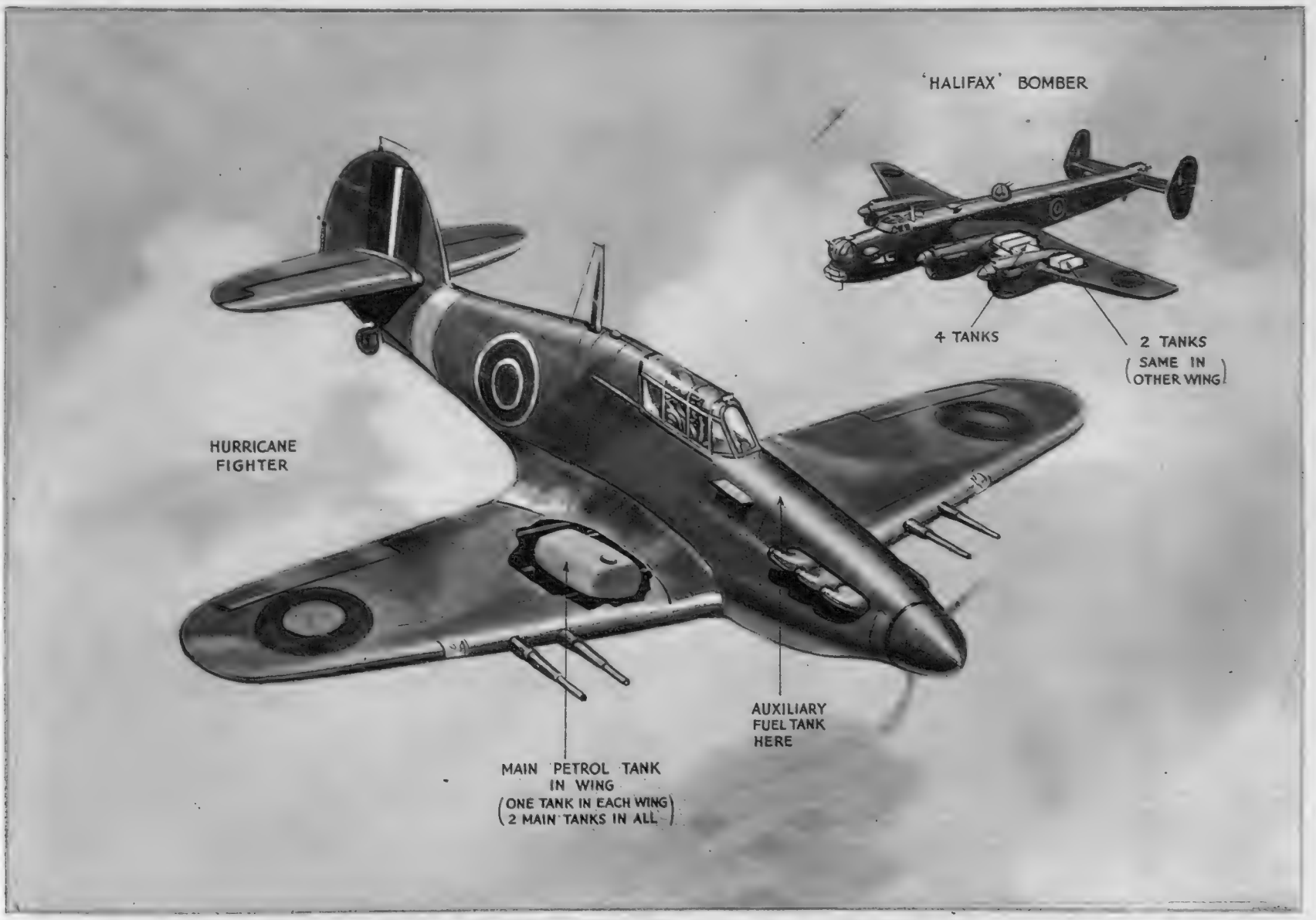
All the sergeant-pilots employed on these tasks have been specially trained for their highly-specialised job.

GIRLS AT WORK ON SELF-SEALING TANKS such as are used in British fighters. They are applying the coating of red dope and silver dope to the rubberised canvas covering. When a bullet pierces the tank the hole made is immediately sealed up by the covering. The firm which employs these girls has three factories with 3,000 workers, all of whom are producing vital war material



WHEN A PILOT TAKES "EVASIVE ACTION": What this frequently-quoted phrase implies. In the drawing above a Mosquito bomber, operating by daylight, has just dropped its load and immediately takes steps to avoid the "flak" from the ground defences—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"Avoiding action" after bombing is a necessity over a strongly-defended enemy area if the bomber is to escape from the hail of anti-aircraft fire which is certain to come up at him as soon as his presence is made known. When about to launch his load of bombs, the pilot must descend to within gun range if his work is to be performed accurately: further, to drop his bombs properly and on to the actual target, the pilot must keep his plane flying in a straight line, so that the bomb-aimer's sights can line up on the target. After releasing the bombs, the pilot's first instinct is to get out of that run, or line of flight, and so avoid the barrage that is bound to come up ahead in line with the aircraft's flight. This picture shows how a Mosquito pilot might take avoiding action in his highly-manœuvrable plane: the heavier bombers—less manœuvrable, perhaps, but equally alert to the dangers of *flak*—have also evolved their own tactics for such critical moments, and frequently have to throw the aircraft about in no uncertain manner!



ONE OF THE VULNERABLE PARTS OF ANY AIRCRAFT IS ITS PETROL SUPPLY. This drawing shows how the fuel tanks are located in the wings of a Hurricane fighter and in wings of the much bigger Halifax bomber—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

From the pilot's point of view, the smooth functioning of the engines and the safety of the petrol tanks (so vulnerable to take fire!) are two of the most essential factors during a flight over hostile territory. With regard to the latter item, the tanks on British fighters are now self-sealing: that is to say, that a machine-gun bullet piercing such a tank does not necessarily cause a leak. They are also crash-proof, fire-proof, and proof against anything up to ·5 ordinary or incendiary bullets. In fact, such a self-sealing tank has been pierced by forty-two ·303 bullets without leaking. After being pierced, these tanks remain serviceable for at least twenty-four hours afterwards. They are made of aluminium or duralumin, and are covered by a special process of rubberised canvas coverings. It is not unlikely that the tanks on our big bombers are also proofed in the same manner; but no definite information has yet been published on this subject

The LARGEST SHOP in the WORLD

With Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, as its Shopkeeper

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

IT is probable that before these words appear in print the Prime Minister will have elaborated his remarks made in the House of Commons immediately on his return from Tripoli. On that occasion he admitted that, as the American Minister of Agriculture had put it, we were "dipping into our resources," but he requested members to take a view over a long period of months, and he declared that he was not unduly anxious about the situation. We should be able, he said, to get through pretty well on the lines we are now running in the way of food. This statement followed the news that Great Britain had been able to send no less than 34,000 tons of foodstuffs to North Africa in the immediate past.

All this redounds to the credit of Lord Woolton and the Ministry of Food, which is to-day the largest shop in the world. With the exception of the tea in China, for example, the Ministry of Food buys and controls all the available tea stocks in the world. It is the Ministry of Food, therefore, on whom Australia, New Zealand—in fact, the whole Empire, together with the United States of America—are dependent for tea.

MIDDLE EAST: A mountain built up of sacks of flour from Australia, stacked by natives on a dockside at a Middle East port. Supplies for our armies in this war theatre continue to pour in despite the U-boat menace

Statistics show that the turnover of the Ministry of Food is £600,000,000 a year, and that it has a permanent staff of over 30,000. Actually, a large proportion of the Merchant Navy is indirectly on Lord Woolton's staff. So are the coloured boys in sombreros picking coffee beans in South America. Men and women of all colours and types are growing food for Great Britain all over the world.

A news item the other day revealed the fact that Great Britain, through Lord Woolton, is to send vast wheat stocks to India. This does not, of course, mean that the wheat will be sent direct from England to India. It does mean, however, that stocks purchased by Lord Woolton in Canada and elsewhere will have to be diverted to the place where they are most needed.

Lord Woolton is continually faced with two problems: (1) getting the food to the public; (2) saving shipping space—two very different horses to drive in double harness. It was necessary, for example, to dip into some of our huge food reserves here to enable those 700 or 800 ships to transport the troops to North Africa.

The Ministry of Food has to arrange for the feeding not only of Great Britain but also of all her dependants. Thus the Ministry becomes not only the biggest shop in the world but also the shop with the biggest delivery round. There is no doubt that Lord Woolton is the biggest purchaser of food that the world is ever likely to know.

To-day Great Britain is the only European country where bread is not rationed. As for coffee, even the United States is rationed in respect of this beverage.

But it is good to know that although Lord Woolton is sufficiently practical as to regard the getting of food for consumption during the war as his immediate concern, he is not losing sight of the need to feed Europe afterwards. As he says himself, "Only a fool would forecast the future. But he would be a bigger fool not to prepare for it."

The Imports Division of the Ministry of Food is a huge affair in itself. Unfortunately, I cannot give any statistics in connection with it. Lord Woolton can, however, be described as a kind of human squirrel who is always looking for more empty trees in which to hide his hoards of food.

It was on May 14, 1940, that he was appointed to his present post—the same day on which the L.D.V. were formed, the Dutch Army surrendered and Ernest Bevin was made Minister of Labour. From that day onwards he has been hoarding food and working out every possible scheme for its economic transport. He has always been the greatest advocate of dehydration. Here is an interesting statistic. By importing 85,000 tons of egg powder he saved 2,100,000 tons of feeding-stuffs for hens. All of us have eaten dehydrated meat and enjoyed it—without knowing it. Meat pies and most made-up meat dishes eaten in restaurants are made of dehydrated meat. And all kinds of experiments are being carried out in this field. Equally, margarine has been vitaminised under the auspices of the Ministry of Food so that it has exactly the same food value as butter and, except for a slightly drier exterior, is frequently indistinguishable from it. All our sugar is grown in this country and bought by the Ministry of Food. All the bacon imported—which is not a great deal—comes largely from the United States, and again is another of Lord Woolton's "lines."

With regard to the economic transport of food, Lord Woolton has, in conjunction with the Ministry of Transport and the Board of Trade, adopted a rationalisation scheme for integral movement in this country. Tradesmen are not allowed to deliver goods more than a mile outside the radius of their premises; so-called periodicity goods can be delivered only once a week—with the exception of bread, which is delivered three times a week, and milk, which is still delivered daily. These instructions, together with zoning, save 24,000,000 gallons of petrol a year, to say nothing of man-power, time and tyres. (I happen to know the managing director of a big haulage firm. He says that business has never been worse in the history of transport.)

MALTA—The convoy ships reach the island laden with supplies; they leave laden with—Axis prisoners! The latter are the crews of heavily-laden merchant vessels that set forth from Italy to attempt to supply and victual the Afrika Korps, and never reach their destination. Some of them are seen above, with their blankets and belongings

The fish-zoning scheme alone saves 6,000 train miles a week. This was brought into operation at the time when fish supplies were bound to be very short. Lord Woolton could easily have waited until supplies were plentiful—say in March. He decided, courageously, however, to give it an acid test. The criticism it has aroused is due to ignorance. The almost unnatural gales of the past few weeks have been solely responsible for the shortage of fish, and within three weeks' time this will be appreciated by the public. Last year, for example, a whole fortnight passed without a single fresh fish being landed in this country.

Among other sidelines, Lord Woolton controls all the wines, spirits and beers in this country. Many people have been entertaining hopes that the ships returning from North Africa would bring back cargoes of Algerian wines, together with oranges and figs. No doubt the Ministry of Food would have liked to have done this, but nitrates and other forms of North African mineral wealth have priority.

It is, perhaps, going a trifle far to say that the contribution of the men and women in the food factories to the Libyan campaign was as valuable as that made by the munition workers and even by the fighting forces (as Mr. William Mabane, M.P., the Parliamentary Secretary, announced), but there is no doubt that an army marches on its stomach, and the speed of modern warfare places such a strain on the supply services that the provision of good food in compact form is of paramount importance. Thanks to the organising genius of Lord Woolton, the Ministry of Food has provided millions of rations of the highest possible quality for shipment over seas. There are at least nine different types. One of them, known as the Compo Pack, is designed to feed fourteen men for one day, and includes meat dishes, puddings, cheese, jam, chocolate and even cigarettes and matches.

A brief survey of answers given in reply to Parliamentary questions on Ministry of Food matters in a single week recently gives a rough idea of the ramifications of the largest shop in the world. The subjects involved were fruit bottling (supplies of rubber to make rings for closures); honey (suggested importation to supplement home yield); potato flour (progress and production of type suitable for inclusion in bread); cured Icelandic herrings (suggested inclusive distribution by British Herring Trade Association); National bread (when will oatmeal be introduced?); strawberries (suggested announcement of growers' prices befofe March 1, and plea for consideration of varying dates of ripening and production costs); pigs (request for statistics of average shrinkage between live and dead weight of those sent to Government slaughterhouses and to bacon factories); retail milk distribution (number of small businesses and producer-retailer rounds handling under 750 gallons transferred during 1942; how many are being bought by combines?); egg control scheme (difficulty of expectant mothers in obtaining priority supplies and suggested opening of special shops).

This gives a rough idea of some of the wartime problems of the Ministry of Food.

It was William Whiteley who announced many years ago that his store could provide anything from a pin to an elephant, and—according to legend—was stumped by a client who wished to buy a second-hand coffin. So far, Lord Woolton has not been stumped by anything, but he has had some little experience!

P.S.—Even with all these qualifications of its "managing director," the largest shop in the world might have been a failure if psychology had not been applied to its customers. There is little or no nutritive value in tea, for example, and shipload after shipload of sustaining foods could have been carried in place of it. The moral effect on the workers of this country, however, had to be taken into consideration.

NEW YORK. Before the official rationing scheme for canned food, some of the grocers secured the co-operation of the public in voluntary sale restrictions to prevent hoarding. At this shop only one can per customer was the rule, in an effort to make sure that the requirements of U.S. forces abroad should have a priority call on American stocks

BRITAIN'S ISLAND BASE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, against which the "Luftwaffe" hurled itself in vain throughout the whole of the year 1942

THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND

A New and Unusual View, from the Air, of Malta and the Smaller Islands of Comino and Gozo

This picture, one of the most impressive of its kind yet to be published of Malta, was taken from an R.A.F. plane: it shows the three islands of the Mediterranean base. In the foreground is the main island of Malta, with Deliware Point in the centre, and Valetta Harbour on the north coast at the right. Beyond it are the smaller islands of Comino and Gozo. All told, Malta is but 17 miles in length; Comino is very small indeed; and Gozo is about half the size of Malta. Since war came to the Mediterranean, this tiny base has been defended by airmen and gunners against constant enemy air attack. Now that the Allies are masters of the air in the Eastern Mediterranean, Malta is hitting back. Bombers, torpedo aircraft and fighters attack the Axis in North Africa on land and along the supply routes at sea from what was once the most blitzed place in the world. Malta showed the world how courageously she could "take it": now she is showing she can "give it," too!

A LARGE LOUD-SPEAKER OF THE SOVIET ARMY being dragged into position for a verbal attack on the Nazi outposts on the Northern Front in Russia

WAR BY PROPAGANDA

The Red Army Amplifiers in Action

It was the Nazis who began to make use of propaganda as an instrument of war. As far back as the days of the Sitzkrieg on the French front in 1939 and the first half of 1940, their transmitters used to blare forth subversive propaganda to the French troops in the Maginot Line and elsewhere. Now the Russians have adopted the same technique. This picture comes from the Leningrad fighting area, where every effort is being made by the Soviet to keep the Germans informed of the progress of their great offensives and the demoralisation of the Germans on other sectors

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

THE Mysteries of the Novel.—I have read a score of books and articles dealing with the history and character of the novel and the English novel. It is quite extraordinary how difficult it is to get a clear pedigree, or even a working definition, of the English novel.

Some writers trace its origins back to Homer, others to Boccaccio, others to Chaucer's Tales. Some start with Defoe, some with Greene, Nash and Dekker.

Most writers on the novel are agreed upon a sharp division between the romantic and the realistic schools, but where that division began, and what is the line of demarcation and the descent of either school, no two writers agree.

It is further complicated by the "nature" school, and all the schools of reaction against exaggerated tendencies, such as the Gothic revival, the "kailyard," and so forth.

Any sort of statistical table or pedigree is made a nonsense of. Some put the Brontës in the tree of the Romantic movement of the eighteenth century, and put Hardy and Meredith as their "children." But others cry out that Charlotte Brontë was a realist, and Hardy and Meredith the parents of the nature-novelist school. Fielding is given as a pioneer in the revolt against the Romantics, with Thackeray as his successor. But then the awakening of social consciousness and the influence of politics and science on the novel-form draw a line under Thackeray and begin a new school with Dickens. But who in their senses is going to classify Trollope (who followed Thackeray), Kingsley, Collins, Disraeli, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, under a Dickens parentage? There is no system, no classification, no rules, of the English novel. Chesterton hit the nail on the head when he labelled the novel feminine, a chief prerogative of women and of men with a feminine type of mind. (And even that won't do.) I am inclined to think that it *would* be possible to reduce to logical dimensions an examination of the English novel as written by women only. But I should be sorry to attempt it

Novels by Women.—Rather, I propose to treat the English novel as a mystery inexplicable to men (as woman is); illogical, often incredibly resourceful, courageous, undefeatable, with a clear-sightedness born of instincts to which men are strangers, fiercely realist, deplorably sentimental, immensely big, and absurdly little, cattish and lion-like, gentle and cruel, alive with wit and moribund in bathos, but a pioneer and an expert in showing-off the play of character in human relations. And, to narrow the issue still further, I will cut my brief to an examination of some of the women novelists of my day—those who wrote in my lifetime, or those who (whenever they wrote) provided me with favourites in my lifetime—and my aim shall be to leave in the net only those of them who have retained their hold on me, undiminished by lapse of years and surfeit of experience.

I strongly deprecate those who jeer at *any* tastes or fashions of *any* age. It is patently foolish for us to laugh at the dress-fashions of the Stuarts or of the Victorians, since the greatest men of those ages were caught up in them. It is equally foolish for a middle-aged man to be ashamed of the fact that in his youth he put Conan Doyle at the head of all writers of romances, or preferred Henty or Clark Russell to the classic giants. Novels, after all, are written for our *entertainment*, and we begin (even if we end with an O.M.) by playing with teddy-bears. It is a curious fact that, at a very early age, I found out and worshipped at the shrine of the only goddess among women novelists who has remained for me permanently immortal.

From the age of ten, I put *Pride and Prejudice* first among novels then known to me, and I have never varied that opinion. Oddly enough, almost as early in my life I found my *proxime accessit* in a pale shadow of Miss Austen. Emily Eden's two "photographic" novels, the "semi-attached" and "the semi-detached," have never lost their charm for me.

I could never get interested in Mrs. Gaskell, never could abide George Eliot. As I grew older, I read Mrs. Humphry Ward, chiefly because my parents discussed her sensationally, but I fancy I always found her difficult to read. I had a phase of Rhoda Broughton, but I could not read even *Nancy* now.

Perhaps the most curious fashion of my youth was for the novels of Mary Cholmondeley. This novelist of the lower rank had a great, if brief, furore. I remember thinking *Sir Charles Danvers* the wittiest and most splendid of all heroes. To read Miss Cholmondeley now, would be like dining off stale bread, or like eating an early breakfast in fancy-dress, with the debris of crackers and burnt-out candles on the table. How could I ever have thought her worked-up *bon-mots* wit, or her painfully prepared photographs *art*?

I had a great fondness for Mrs. de la Pasture, and can occasionally read her still. Ditto, Miss Macnaughton. I was taken with Baroness Orczy, of course, and got some difficult pleasure from the author of *Elizabeth*. Of course, I have revelled in Dr. Somerville and Martin Ross, and to-day set *The Real Charlotte* among a bare dozen immortals by women novelists.

That women have made the novel a supreme field for the exercise of their genius and energies, no one to-day can deny. In the technique and range and insight and cleverness of the novel-form in literature, there are to-day literally scores of past-masters among women; more, probably, than among men.

The Problem of Immortality.—I find it, therefore, very difficult to understand why I can number among the vast output of their excellence, so very few unfading immortals, and those by women whose talents vary so greatly, from sheer genius down to mere competence as photographers or story-tellers from Jane Austen down to Mrs. Henry Wood!

I know why I can read every year with new and breathless delight *Pride and Prejudice*. It is because every time I re-read it I turn up new nuggets. But why can I still read with hardly less pleasure the *Semi-Attached Couple*, or, more incomprehensible still, *Lady Audley's Secret*, that fantastic jumble of sentiment and nonsense, of absurd baronets and impossible social and legal forms, of bad *gaffes* with human nature and human institutions?

The answer can only be that the novel is intended for *recreation only*, not for education, and that a good story-teller can do the trick as well as a great artist or a profound interpreter of human nature. Well, there it is! Mrs. Wood's best-seller is on my shelf of immortals beside *Pride and Prejudice*. Miss Eden and Mrs. Wood are there, but George Eliot is not. I never tire of *Lord Oakburn's Daughters*, and shall never succeed in reading *The Mill on the Floss*.

CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF CHARLES DICKENS IN THE BOROUGH: To commemorate the birth of the great novelist—born on February 7, 1812—the Tabard Players gave their annual performance a few days ago in the Borough High Street. This year they did a representation of *David Copperfield* and, as usual, the performance was given outside the historic George Inn, so closely identified with the novels. The play was staged on a lorry and was, this year, watched mostly by a youthful audience

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The New London Plays

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.—The success of the Carl Rosa season at the Winter Garden continues, and is one of the outstanding musical events of the war. Enormous audiences crowd the theatre at every performance, and a Puccini work invariably seems to mean that there is not a vacant seat. I enjoyed a matinee of *La Bohème* vastly; the large orchestra played really well, and if there were signs of wartime economy in the production—*e.g.*, the soldiers at the close of Act II had to be left to the imagination, and we merely saw them waved at—nothing was omitted that diminished the musical value. Miss Elena Danieli was a good Mimi, and even looked the part; Mr. Tudor Davies, the Rodolfo, has long been recognised as a Puccini tenor very little inferior to the greatest of the Italians; Mr. Kingsley Lark made Colline a real and amusing character, for he is not only a good singer, but an excellent actor. Mr. Davies and Mr. Lark I also heard in an equally fine performance of *Madame Butterfly*, with Miss Helen Ogilvie in the title-role.

A Little Bit of Fluff.—This twenty-eight-year-old farce by Walter Ellis seemed altogether a more amusing affair than his new one, *Sleeping Out*, produced a week or two ago at the Piccadilly. As a writer of farce, Mr. Ellis is Conservative to the verge of hide-bound Toryism, for both pieces are on much the same lines—jealous wives, husbands who compromise themselves with "oomph" girls (did we talk of "oomph" in 1915? I think not), disguises, hiding behind curtains and, of course, lots and lots of noise. I remember laughing rather more heartily at the original production at the Criterion; whether that was because I was so many years younger, or because the cast may have been stronger, is hardly worth discussing. In the present cast, Mr. Henry Kendall and Miss Olga Lindo could not have been improved upon, and Miss Chili Bouchier ably succeeds the popular and charming Miss Ruby Miller, whom everyone was glad to see in a box on the first night.

Androcles and the Lion.—Mr. Bernard Shaw describes his *Androcles and the Lion* (another revival) as "a play for children of all ages." Which is disarming, for it might mean almost anything—or nothing at all. I do not think any normal young child would care for this show, and plenty might even be rather frightened. I was not frightened at the sight of that group of Christians at the door of the arena of the Coliseum in ancient Rome, waiting to be thrown to the lions, but the situation did not put me in the mood for laughing at the comedy lines with which most people on the stage were provided. If that is a tribute to the play's theatrical effectiveness, so be it. All the same, it is not one of Shaw's best; the action, what there is of it, is, particularly in the first act, almost intolerably slow, and the mixture of religious profundity and Shavian wise-cracks is likely to offend a good many people.

The acting at the Arts Theatre is good, particularly that of Mr. Alec Clunes, who has produced the play, Mr. Denys Blakelock, as Androcles, and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn, as a very odd Roman emperor.

ITEMS OF HOME INTEREST

Including Some New Pictures of "Women at War"

BRITAIN'S "PERFECT VILLAGE GREEN" IS PLOUGHED UP: Mr. J. H. Sizer (aged ninety) discusses the ploughing with Mr. P. Z. Clark (aged sixty-seven). At Great Bentley, near Ipswich, is Britain's largest village green, which is also sometimes described as "Britain's perfect village green." It is now being ploughed up, and potatoes will be planted in its 50 acres. For centuries the villagers, who to-day number 1,300, had grazing rights on the green, and for centuries the turf had been theirs—for pleasure and for pasture. Many villagers oppose this wartime measure, but most agree that it is necessary. Mr. Sizer, who is ninety, can remember volunteers drilling on the green after the Crimea War!

THE A.T.S. SALVAGE AMMUNITION: Private D. O'Donnell (of Bury, Lancs.) examining a 2-in. mortar bomb

VIOLET, LADY MELCHETT, ORGANISES A "KNIT FOR VICTORY" CAMPAIGN in her house in Lowndes Square. On October 3, 1939, Violet, Lady Melchett, gave her house as headquarters for a knitting campaign. The drawing-room became a storehouse for wool and materials: the dining-room and others were given over to women who came from all parts of the country to knit for the Services. Lady Melchett kept only one room for herself. To-day the "Working Party," as it was called, has branches throughout the country. Its members have already knitted 50,000 articles, including gloves, helmets, pullovers, socks, sea-stockings and mittens. There are 450 members, and every day about twenty-five of them turn up at headquarters

PRIVATE A. BUMFREY, of Newcastle, repairing a bomb—one of £1,000,000 worth of salvaged ammunition. At a Central Ammunition Depot in the north-west, a band of some fifty A.T.S. girls have just salvaged a huge quantity of ammunition which was in need of attention after flooding. They broke down into parts, inspected, cleaned and serviced material valued at £1,000,000. This included 25-pounder shells, 2-in. mortar bombs, grenades and thousands of cartridges: detonators and fuses were examined, cordite charges inserted, bombs examined for damp or corrosion, etc. Every precaution was taken for the girls' safety, and all were under the command of an A.T.S. subaltern

THE WYTHAM ABBEY ESTATE FOR OXFORD UNIVERSITY: A view of the fine Manor House which goes with it. A transaction has just been completed whereby the University of Oxford (partly by immediate gift, partly by bequest—or, more strictly, by reversion) will eventually become the owner of the historic and noble estate of Wytham Abbey. When the present beauty and future academic value of the property are fairly estimated, it may be said that no comparable endowment has been added to the University since the Middle Ages. Colonel Raymond ffennell has made a free gift of 960 acres of the famous Wytham Woodlands: the Manor House and the 300 acres directly attached to it will revert to the University on the death of Colonel and Mrs. ffennell; and the University has bought the greater part of the agricultural lands on the estate

GIRLS FROM THE WEST INDIES HERE TO JOIN THE FORCES. This little party have just arrived in Great Britain to volunteer for the W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. The officer is Section Officer Rosemary Kelly, of the Bahamas. She joined the W.A.A.F. in 1939, as the first girl from the West Indies to join the Women's Services in Britain: she is the only West Indies girl to hold a commission in the Auxiliary Forces. From left to right with her above are: Alma La Badie, of Jamaica; Joyce Cyrus, of Trinidad; Kathleen Robinson, of Jamaica; Margaret "Winks" Loughran, of the Bahamas; Sally Lopez, of Jamaica; and Mary Brown, of the Bahamas

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

COMMUNISM, CRITICISM, LOYAL FRANCE AND WAYWARD SHEEP

Mr. John Scott's Life in Russia ; A Journalist's "Selection of Papers" ; Miss Magdalen King-Hall's Novel-Biography ; A Moving Tale of Occupied France ; Mr. E. B. White's Reflective and Humorous Essays

BEHIND THE URALS (Secker and Warburg. 7s. 6d.) is a book which will be quoted—by both sides—as the sort of argument about Communism that has been going on at varying temperatures over English firesides, garden fences, college desks and trade-union conference tables for ten years or more. It answers scores of the questions that commonly plunge such arguments into a dead-end mire of ignorance, and it answers them as objectively as anyone ever has.

What is it really like to marry and raise a family deep in the heart of the Soviet? Communism may be all right for the Russians, but would it work for the Briton or American, with his passion for individual freedom? How about the purge? Did it touch the ordinary Russian home? Was it horrible, bearable, justifiable, essential?

Mr. John Scott replies with the minute-by-minute story of his six years in Magnitogorsk. He is a young American engineer, who played his part in its development from a few shacks to a steel town of nearly 250,000 citizens. He married a Russian girl and managed to take her and their children to America not long before the war. He must have taken a colossal collection of notes and diaries, too, and he has used them courageously.

In the beginning he says:

> "Ever since 1931 or thereabouts the Soviet Union has been at war, and the people have been sweating, shedding blood and tears."

In the end he says:

> "I survived the black bread, rotten salt fish, the cold and hard work. . . . I did not survive the purge. I think I understood its causes, its inevitability . . . but I could not live with it."

His tale is packed with people and incident, but always as a vehicle for facts and figures so detailed that anyone not interested in Socialism or steel production should perhaps pass it up. Beveridge, the vast call-up into industry and the Stalingrad-Leningrad miracle have, however, created for *Behind the Urals* the large and passionately interested audience it deserves.

In his preface to **CHANNEL PACKET** (Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Raymond Mortimer says that he is not an author but a journalist. He calls this book "a selection of papers," to be taken "in small doses, like a medicine."

The art of criticism, whose standards are immutably esoteric, is aptly described as medicinal. Any one of these pieces is liable to act as an irritant, or a counter-irritant, to the reader's own view of a subject. Sometimes it can act as a useful inoculation against an allergy; or even as a purge. It might quicken the pulse of immediate response, but it is difficult to discover an opiate among the doses.

Mr. Mortimer likes to call himself a journalist because in modern usage the higher criticism is ineluctably administered in weekly doses. What he has in common with that other famous journalist, Beachcomber, will be found in one of the thirty-eight essays of 1,800 words in this book. He likes bishops, and, better still, archbishops. It was told of Samuel Butler that when there was a gale blowing he used to make straight for the Channel packet in the hope that he would catch sight of a bishop being sick. In his own *Channel Packet* (so called because it plies between English and French literature), Mr. Mortimer catches a few clerics in equally amusing postures.

He also likes Gladstone and doesn't go much on Disraeli. Through a reading of Greville he is able to confirm some half-suspicions about Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. He can even achieve, without offence, a child's guide to Proust, and he can display a depth of erudition in French literature without ever once mentioning Sainte-Beuve. A fellow hack has stated that it is Mr. Mortimer's vocation to write a book on the Victorian genius. The mantle of Lytton Strachey, being poised for descent, need not, I feel sure, deter him.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald is a romantic figure in Irish history, and that quality of his, his high spirits, his impulsiveness and his friendly charm all get their full due in Miss Magdalen King-Hall's novel-biography.

LORD EDWARD (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) reflects one, at least, of its subject's gifts, since it is itself a book of easy charm and a kind of facile elegance which suits the period it depicts. For the great Whig families feature here, and the London of Devonshire House and Charles James Fox and the Prince Regent (who would loyally sport a fox's brush in his hat, on occasion).

Edward Fitzgerald was possibly happiest during his short life in that period when he was a soldier, and not in that political and rebellious phase which was finally to end in his death. He was, as many Irishmen consider themselves to be, a fighter for freedom. That he saw it in different guises, fought the Americans in the War of Independence and toasted the "speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions" in the Paris of 1792 was all part of that impulse which owed more to the heart than to the head.

This last gesture, incidentally, meant the end of his Army career. Ostensibly because he had attended a revolutionary banquet in Paris, he was cashiered. His military career was irrevocably finished. After that time all his interests lay in Ireland, where he found at least domestic happiness until he was drawn into the vortex of the '98 rebellion, and died in Newgate Prison.

Miss King-Hall has something of the brilliance and love of colour of an early Marjorie Bowen in this story, and that is no casual praise. She has recreated a character.

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy's tale of occupied France is vivid, fast-moving and intense. **THE CLOCK STRIKES** (Rich and Cowan. 8s. 6d.) has been written in a mood of sustained drama, and with the accent on conviction rather than on compromise.

It is a tragic, but never a hopeless, picture of France that the writer gives us; of a France still fighting in a hundred underground battles; of treacheries and loyalties and of an implacable enemy. It is also the story of two French girls, both young, both pretty and courageous, and each epitomising a way of life that was purely French.

One of them is killed, while the other lives on to hope for the day when France shall know her freedom again and the peace of mind that war took from her in such a short space. There is no doubt about the writer's sympathies in this, for she tells the story as one who has loved that country, and the book's chief merit lies in the sincerity which shows in every chapter.

In the foreword to his book of essays and what he himself calls "pieces," Mr. E. B. White expounds on the sense of guilt one may feel in wartime at doing some ordinary, comfortable thing, like eating a good meal or getting out a book. A man feels, he suggests, that "he ought to be discovered, if at all, in some more pertinent attitude—establishing a beachhead or applying a tourniquet to a General's thigh. . . . The author feels that the blurb on the jacket should say: 'There isn't time to read this book. Put it in your pocket and, when the moment arrives, throw it straight and hard.'"

ONE MAN'S MEAT (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) has, wisely, no such blurb, for it is a book destined for better and more appreciative treatment. Mr. White is a reflective, as well as a funny, American writer, known to readers of the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Magazine*. And to introduce him even more clearly it might be as well to add that the latter is not the publication with glossy and glamorous photographs of glossy and glamorous ladies.

Most of his time seems to be spent on a New England farm, and many of his essays reflect, rather unexpectedly, his interest in that life. There are pieces on pullets, on lambing, on the difficulties of rounding up sheep with the "sometimes underhanded assistance" of two dachshunds, on the natural ingenuity by which a red barn may throw a blue shadow and a good deal about dogs.

AN EXHIBITION OF THE LONDON OF LONG AGO AT THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY

This is a picture by G. Scharf (1788-1860), the first successful practitioner of lithography in England and the father of Sir George Scharf, at one time Director of the National Portrait Gallery. It shows Crooked Lane and St. Michael's Church, in the City of London, in the year 1830, just before this area was demolished to form the approach to the present London Bridge. The picture is one of a miscellaneous collection of London prints and drawings now on view at the Guildhall Library, most of which are of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. After the present exhibition closes in London, it will be sent on tour to a number of provincial towns

PANTOMIME TICKETS FOR COLLECTING 9,000 BOOKS: Mr. A. W. Bate, the local cinema manager, has given pantomime tickets to boys of St. Joseph's School, Bermondsey, for collecting the most books in the Borough during the month of January

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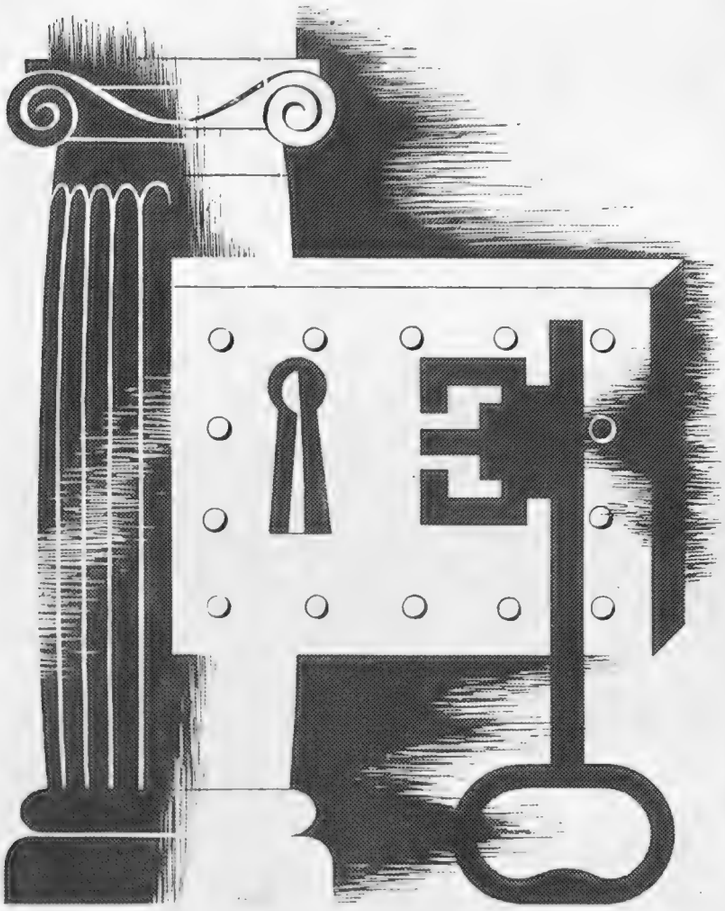

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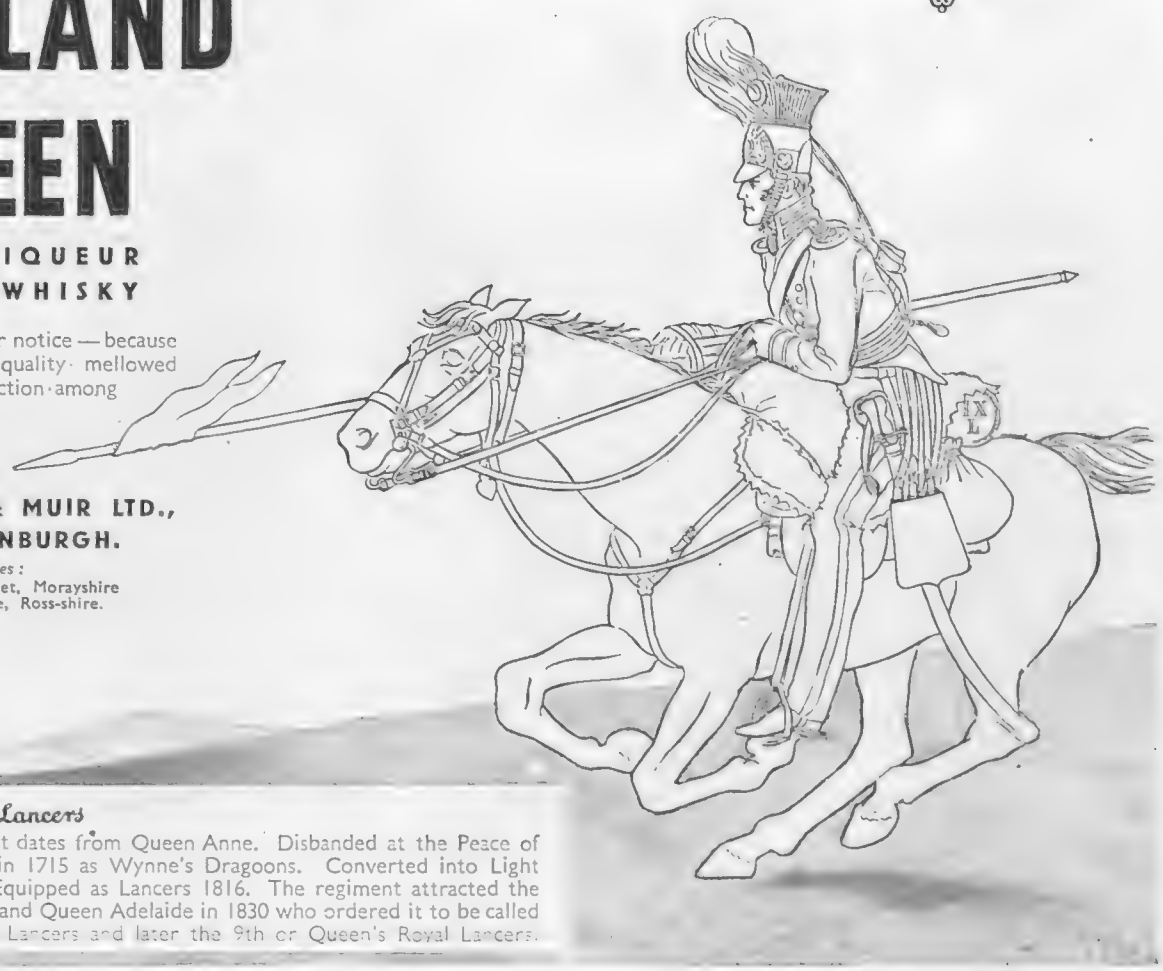

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and now
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even studied . . .
listened with his eyes
popping, asked
questions, travelled to
Canada—to America
and back home just
to climb into that
cockpit . . .
and now it was his.
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clouds with it—
in and out of the sun—
he had climbed
and looped in it—
and done the
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more than once.
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Focke Wulfs that
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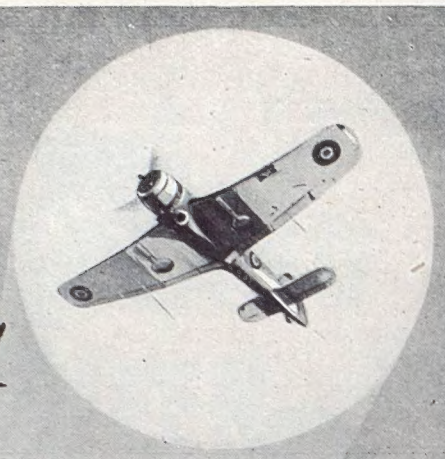

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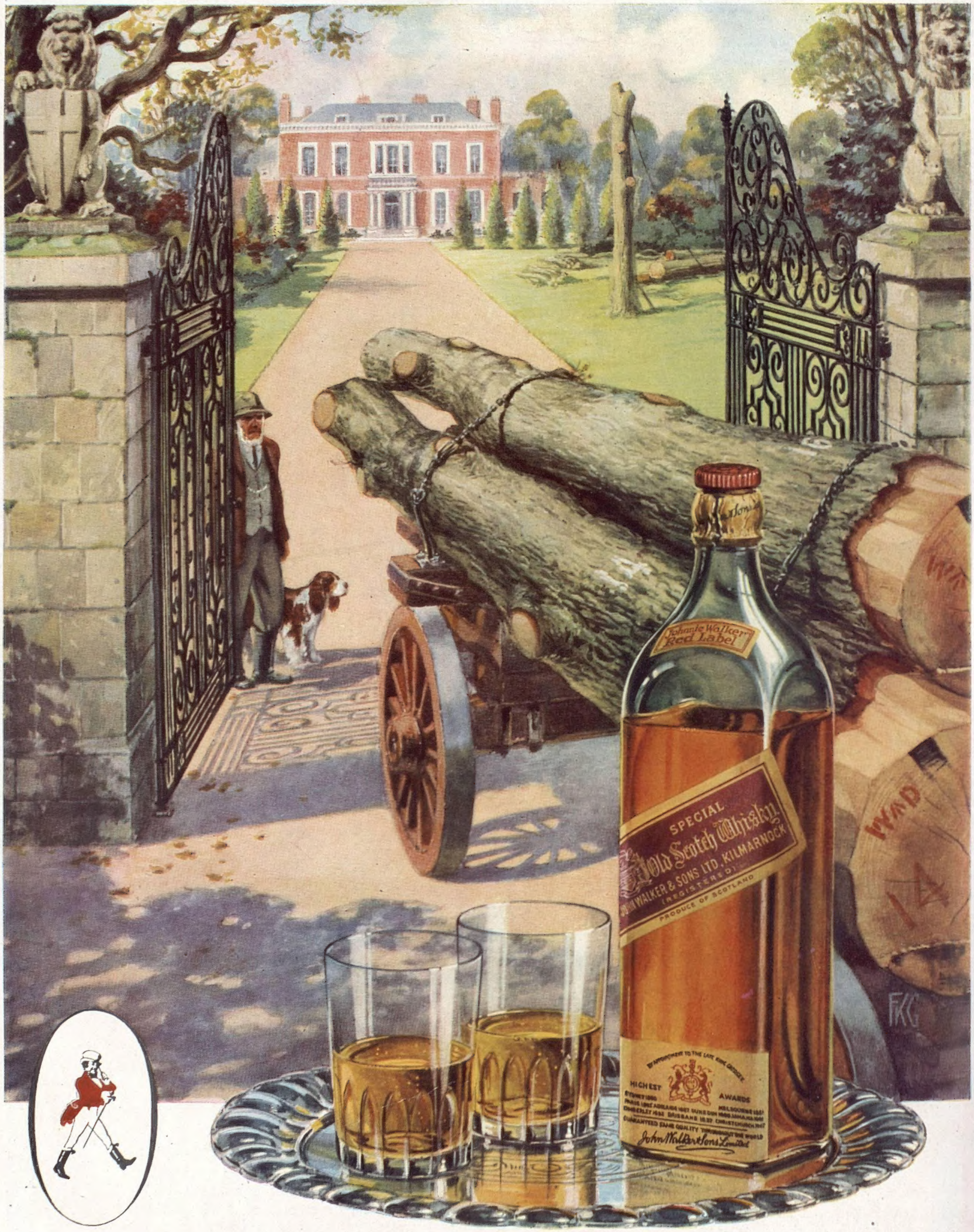

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